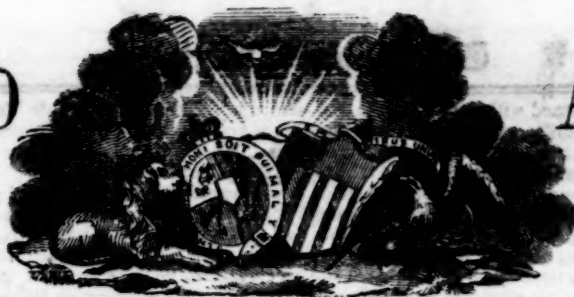


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LIFE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Love's a song, and Life's the singer,
 Hope sits listening to the strain,
 Till old Time, that discord-bringer,
 Jars the music of the twain.
 Love, and Life, and Time, together
 Rarely yet were friendly found;
 If Love heralds sunny weather,
 Time, to other duties bound,
 Buries Life half under ground:
 O the lot of Life how sad!

Why should Time thus fail to cherish
 All that lends existence worth?
 Wherefore should Love droop and perish,
 As but doom'd to woe on earth?
 Love, and Life, and Time, together
 Better friends we hope may be.
 If Time's of inconstant feather,
 Love and Hope should still agree:
 Life is lost between the three.
 O the lot of Life how sad!

For the Anglo American.

TO "C. S."

"When stars their nun-like watches keep"
 O'er the dark pall that shrouds the day,
 When the bee upon the flow'r's asleep,
 And the birds last song hath died away,
 When the sweet kiss of th' warm south wind,
 On the rose's lip the dew hath stirr'd,
 And the breath is hushed as far behind,
 The tinkling sounds of night are heard;

Oh then 'tis sweet again to trace,
 The flowery paths our childhood trod,
 To greet with tears, each sacred place,
 And silent lift the prayer to God;
 Yes, then our thoughts are nearer Heaven,
 And purer far, than when the day
 With all its glare and strife, hath driven
 The Angel part of man away.

But yet how oft, we tread alone
 These early paths, and miss some friend,
 Whose heart we hid within our own,
 When love, but with our life, would end,
 Alas the dearest friends of youth,
 But seldom share our manhood's lot,
 We often feel the bitter truth,
 That we are shunn'd, perhaps forgot.

Not thus with thee,—thou canst but sigh,
 As youth's sweet blossoms fade away,
 The warm tear tremble in thine eye,
 When in the Past thy soul doth stray;
 But didst thou know that all were fled,
 Who laughed with thee in childhood's bow'rs
 Didst mourn the false, weep o'er the dead
 With whom flew by thy happiest hours;

Were this but true—and all gone—
 Not one heart left to beat for thee,
 Had love's sweet echo ne'er let fall,
 Upon thy breast its ecstasy,
 Oh then how great the bliss would be,
 To prove my truth, to kneel, and bare
 My heart's most secret depths to thee,
 And shew thine image graven there.

Brooklyn, L. I.

NEW WORK BY LORD BROUGHAM.

Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the time of George III. To which are added, Remarks on the French Revolution. Third Series. By Henry Lord Brougham, F. R. S. 8vo. pp. 406. London, Knight and Co.

Sketches of Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Bolingbroke, not of the third Georgian era, are introduced as necessary to the understanding of the notice of Lord Chatham; and as the remarks on the French Revolution and its leading fiends occupy above 130 pages, we can reckon only about half this volume as appropriated to the statesmen who flourished in the designated period. These are, the fourth Duke of Bedford, whose memoirs we have recently been reviewing at considerable length, Earl Camden, John Wilkes, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Chief-Justice Bushe, President Jefferson, Marquis Wellesley, Lord Holland, and, in a few pages, John Allen; in unison with whom there is a *roulade* against Demagogue Arts, and an apology for American Democracy.

As everything from the pen of Lord Brougham deserves and must command attention; and as the press, according to its various inclination, is sure to make him and his writings subjects of comment and censure, we shall not join in the cry of the pack; but simply, by a few selected extracts, exemplify some of the strong opinions and pithy points of the eminent author:

His glance at the French Revolution, and Robespierre, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, St. Just, Siéyes, and Fouché, reminds us much of a pamphlet of their time, which probably his lordship never met with, entitled *The Twelve Apostles of France*, and exhibiting these murderers and monsters, and their accomplices (we are now speaking of the reign-of-terror individuals) in such a light as to produce a very salutary effect upon the dangerous revolutionary spirit then but too rife in every part of England. Lord Brougham's picture coincides entirely with that production; and his application of its matter to home-affairs at the present time is one of the curious features of his work:—

"Here (he says) let us pause, and respectfully giving ear to the warnings of past experience as whispered by the historic muse, let us calmly revolve in our minds the very important lessons of wisdom and of virtue applicable to all times, which these memorable details are fitted to teach. In the first place they shew the danger of neglecting due precautions against the arts and the acts of violent partisans working upon the public mind, and of permitting them to obtain an ascendancy, by despising their power, or trusting to their being overwhelmed and lost in the greater multitude of the peaceable and the good. The numbers of the ill-intentioned may be very inconsiderable; yet the tendency of such extreme opinions, when zealously propagated because fanatically entertained, is always to spread; their direction is ever forward; and the tendency of the respectable and peaceable classes is ever to be inactive, sluggish, indifferent, ultimately submissive. When Mr. Burke compared the agitators of his day to the grasshoppers in a summer's sun, and the bulk of the people to the British ox, whose repose under the oak was not broken by the importunate chink rising from the insects of an hour, he painted a picturesque and pleasing image; and one accurate enough for the purpose of shewing that the public voice is not spoken by the clamours of the violent. But unhappily the grasshopper fails to represent the agitator in this, that it cannot rouse any one of the minority to the attack; while the ox does represent but too faithfully the respectable majority, in that he is seldom roused from his ruminating half-slumber till it is too late to avert his fate. But, secondly, it is not merely the activity of agitators that arms them with force to overpower the bulk of the people—their acts of intimidation are far more effectual than any assiduity and any address. We see how a handful of men leading the Paris mob overturned the monarchy, and then set up and maintained an oligarchy of the most despotic character that ever was known in the world, all the while ruling the vast majority of a people that utterly loathed them, ruling that people with an iron rod, and scourging them with scorpions. This feat of tyranny they accomplished by terror alone. A rabble of ten or twelve thousand persons occupying the capital overawed half a million of men as robust, perhaps as brave, as themselves; but the rabble were infuriated, and they had nothing to lose; the Parisian burghers were calm, and had shops, and wives, and children; and they were fain to be still, in order that no outrage should be committed on their property or their persons. The tendency of great meetings of the people is two-fold—their numbers are always exaggerated both by the representations of their leaders and by the fears of the bystanders; and the spectacle of force which they exhibit, and the certainty of the mischief which they are capable of doing when excited and resisted by any but the force of troops, scares all who do not belong to them. Hence the vast majority of the people, afraid to act, remain quiet, and give the agitators the appearance of having no adversaries. They reverse the maxim, who is not against us is with us, and hold all with them whom they may have terrified into silence and repose. That this effect of intimidation is prodigious, no one can doubt. It acts and re-acts; and while fear keeps one portion of the people neutral and quiet, the impression that there is, if not a great assent to the agitators, at least little resistance to them, affects the rest of the people until the great mass is quelled, and large numbers are even induced by their alarms partially to join in the unopposed movement."

Many of the ultimate horrors perpetrated by the revolutionists of France are detailed, and the winding up on a great scale is worthy of the less atrocious butcheries.

"The accomplishment of Collet's grand object, the destruction of Lyons, is obstructed by the vast number of the inhabitants—150,000; and both he and Couthon are found planning the dispersion of some 100,000 of them over the country, where they might mingle with the republican population, and become partakers of its civic virtues. However, as far as man could act in such circumstances, Collet boasts of his progress; and he lays down his principles:—'We have revived the action of a republican justice,' he says, 'prompt and terrible as the will of the people! It must strike traitors like the lightning, and only leave their ashes in existence! In destroying one infamous and rebellious city, you consolidate all the rest. In causing the wicked to perish, you secure the lives of all generations of freemen. Such are our principles. We go on demolishing, with the fire of artillery and with the explosion of mines, as fast as possible. But you must be sensible that, with a population of 150,000 inhabitants, these processes find many obstacles. The popular axe cuts off twenty heads a-day, and still the conspirators are not daunted. The prisons are choked with them. We have erected a commission, as prompt in its operations as the conscience of true republicans trying traitors can possibly be. Sixty-four of these were shot yesterday on the spot where they had fired on the patriots; two hundred and thirty are to fall this day in the ditches where their execrable works had vomited death on the republican army. These grand examples will have their effect with the cities that remain in doubt; where there are men who affect a false and barbarous sensibility, while ours is all reserved for the country.' Such, in Paris and the provinces, were the proceedings of the reign of terror, while the triumvirate, Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, bore sway."

Of Robespierre we have the following statement:—

"Napoleon told Mr. O'Meara, whose authority is wholly unimpeachable, that he had himself seen letters of Robespierre to his brother, representative at Nice, which proved his determination to bring the Reign of Terror to an end. That he was cut off in the midst of some such plan, which he wanted nerve to

execute, is highly probable; that he was condemned without a hearing, and clamoured down by an intrigue of his colleagues Billaud and Collot, whose destruction he had planned, appears to be quite certain. When Cambacérés, an acute observer, and a perfectly candid witness, was asked his opinion of the 9th Thermidor by Napoleon, whose estimate of Robespierre was not unfavourable, he said, 'C'était un procès jugé, mais non plaidé.' And he added, that the speech of the day before, which began the struggle, was 'filled with the greatest beauties' (*tout rempli de plus grandes beautés*). To his habitual and constitutional want of courage, it seems clear that the tyrant's fall must be ascribed. His heart failed not in the convention when he vainly strove to be heard, and ended by exclaiming, 'Encore une fois! Veux tu m'entendre, président d'assassins?' But his time was now past for resisting the plot of his adversaries, and saving himself by destroying them. He had not in time taken his line, which was to sacrifice Billaud and Collot, and perhaps Tallien; and then at once to close the Reign of Terror and abolish the revolutionary tribunal. This course required a determination of purpose and a boldness of execution which were foreign to his mean nature—happily for the instruction of mankind; because had he, like Sylla, survived the bloody tragedy in which he had ruled, and, much more, had he laid down the rod, like the champion of the Roman aristocracy, the world, ever prone to judge by the event, and to esteem more highly them that fail not, would have held a divided opinion, if not pronounced a lenient judgment, upon one of the most execrable and most despicable characters recorded in the annals of our race. In fine, that he was, beyond most men that ever lived, hateful, selfish, unprincipled, cruel, unscrupulous, is undeniable. That he was not the worst of the Jacobin group may also be without hesitation affirmed."

Respecting Fouché, Duc d'Oranto, there is some novelty in an account supplied by Earl Stanhope.

"I formed (the noble earl says) his acquaintance at Dresden, where he arrived about November 1815, as French minister, but in a sort of honourable exile; and he told me that the Duke of Wellington had advised him not to accept that mission, saying, 'You will get into a hole which you will never be able to leave.' He afterwards expressed to me his regret at not having followed that advice, and his opinion that the anticipation was realized by the event. From an exaggerated opinion both of his own importance and of the malice of his enemies, he had left Paris in disguise, and was so apprehensive of being recognised, that when he met his wife on the road he would not acknowledge her. He had remained some weeks at Brussels, and carried on a correspondence with the Duke of Wellington and others; but after receiving from the French government a peremptory order to repair to his post, he continued his journey under the name of Durand, *marchand de vin*, till he came to Leipzig, where he resumed his own name. He was accompanied by his wife, who was of the family of Castellane, and related, as he said, to the Bourbons, with four children by his former marriage; by an eldest son, who appeared to be of weak intellect, and who became remarkable for his avarice; by two other sons, who, even in their childhood, exhibited a strong disposition to cruelty; by a daughter, and by a very intriguing governess, Mademoiselle Ribaud. He had been early in life a professor in the Oratoire, and it was said very truly at Dresden, that he had 'le visage d'un moine, et la voix d'un mort,' and, as he was for some time the only foreign minister at that court, that he appeared 'like the ghost of the departed corps diplomatique.' His countenance shewed great intelligence, and did not indicate the cunning by which he was eminently distinguished; his manner was calm and dignified, and he had, either from nature or from long habit, much power of self-possession. When I announced to him the execution of Marshal Ney, of which by some accident I had received the earliest information, his countenance never changed. He appeared to be nearly sixty years of age, and his hair had become as white as snow, in consequence of his having, according to his own expression, 'slept upon the guillotine for twenty-five years.' His conversation was very animated and interesting, but it related chiefly to events in which he had been an actor; and his inordinate vanity induced him to say, 'I am not a king, but I am more illustrious than any of them.' His statements did not deserve implicit credence; and I may mention as an instance, his bold denial that during the whole course of his long administration as minister of police, any letter had ever been opened at the post-office.

Amongst a great number of anecdotes which he related to me, there were two that exhibited in a very striking manner the fertility of his resources when he acted on his own theatre, though, as I shall afterwards shew, he appeared utterly helpless amidst the difficulties which he encountered at Dresden. While he was on a mission to the newly established Cisalpine republic, he received orders from the French Directory to require the removal of some functionaries who were obnoxious to the Austrian government. He refused to comply, and stated in his answer that those functionaries were attached to France; that the ill-will with which they were viewed by the Austrian government was not a reason for the French government to demand their dismissal; that, according to intelligence which had reached him, Austrian troops were advancing, and that the war would be renewed. The orders were reiterated without effect; and one morning he was informed that an agent of the Directory was arrived at his house, and was accompanied by some gens-d'armes. Fouché desired that the agent might be admitted, and that a message might be sent to his friend General Joubert, who commanded some French troops then stationed in the same town, requesting him to come immediately, and to bring with him a troop of cavalry. The agent delivered to Fouché letters of recall, and shewed to him afterwards an order to arrest him, and to conduct him to Paris. Fouché made some observations to justify himself till the arrival of Joubert with the cavalry was announced, when he altered his tone, and told the agent, "You talk of arresting me, and it is in my power to arrest you." Joubert said, on entering the room, "Me voilà avec mes dragons, mon cher ami; que puis-je faire à votre service?" and Fouché replied, "Ce drôle-là veut m'arrêter." "Comment!" exclaimed Joubert, "dans ce cas-là je le taillerai en mille pièces." The agent excused himself as being obliged to execute the orders which he had received, and was dismissed by Fouché with the remark, "Vous êtes un sot; allez tranquillement à votre hôtel." When he had retired, Fouché observed that the Directory was not respected either at home or abroad, that it would therefore be easy to overthrow the government, and that Joubert might obtain high office if he would assist in the undertaking. Joubert answered that he was merely a soldier, and that he did not wish to meddle in politics; but he granted Fouché's request of furnishing him with a military escort to provide for his safety till he reached Paris. On the road he prepared an address to the Council of Five Hundred, which was calculated to be very injurious, and perhaps fatal, to the government. When he arrived at Paris he called on each of the Directors, but was not admitted, and he expressed to me his conviction that he should have been arrested the next morning if he had not immediately insisted upon having an audience with Talleyrand, then Minister of Foreign Affairs. Fouché, after defending his conduct, said that he considered it his duty, before he pre-

sented his address, to shew it to Talleyrand, who no sooner read it than he saw its dangerous tendency, and the whole extent of the mischief to which it might lead. He told Fouché—"I perceive that there has been a misunderstanding, but everything may be arranged;" and added, "the post of minister to the Batavian republic is now vacant, and perhaps you would be willing to accept it." Fouché, who perceived that the other was intimidated, determined to avail himself of the advantage which he had acquired, and replied that his honor and character had been attacked, that immediate reparation was necessary, and that his credentials must be prepared in the course of the night, in order that he might the next day depart on his mission. This request having been granted, Fouché proceeded to state that his journey to Paris had been very expensive; that he had, through his abrupt departure from the Cisalpine republic, lost several valuable presents which he would have received; and that his new mission required another outlay, for all of which he demanded an order for the immediate payment of two hundred thousand francs by the national treasury. Talleyrand gave the order without hesitation; and Fouché, who had arrived in disgrace, if not in great danger, departed next morning as a minister plenipotentiary, with a considerable sum of money.

After Napoleon, on his return from Elba, had made such progress as alarmed the French government, Monsieur, afterwards Charles X., sent a message to Fouché requesting a meeting with him in the Tuileries. Fouché declined it, saying, that as the circumstance would be known, it would place his conduct in a very ambiguous light; and he then received another message, proposing to meet him at the house of a third party. To this proposal Fouché assented, on the condition that the interview should take place in the presence of witnesses, two of whom should attend on each side. On such an occasion any question of etiquette must have appeared of very subordinate importance; the condition was accepted; and in the interview, which lasted several hours, and till long after midnight, Fouché was offered the appointment of police, the title of Prince, and the decoration of the St. Esprit. Fouché replied, that the advance of Napoleon was the natural and necessary consequence of the general discontent which prevailed; that no human power could prevent his arrival at Paris; that Fouché's acceptance of office under such circumstances might create an impression of his having betrayed a sovereign whom he ought faithfully to serve; and that he was therefore obliged to reject the offers which in the course of the conversation were repeatedly pressed on his acceptance. It seemed to be supposed by the French government that the refusal of such offers was an indication of attachment to Napoleon; and the next morning, when Fouché was in his carriage, at a short distance from his own house, he was stopped "in the name of the king" by an officer of police, attended by gens-d'armes. Fouché desired them to accompany him to his house, when, on getting out of the carriage, he demanded the production of the warrant by which he was arrested; and on its being shown to him, he threw it on the ground, exclaiming, "It is a forgery; that is not the king's signature." The officer of police, astounded by the effrontery with which Fouché spoke, allowed him to enter the house when he made his escape through the garden, and went to the Princesse de Vaudremont, who concealed him till the return of Napoleon. Mdlle. Ribaud, the governess, sent a message to the National Guards, requesting their immediate attendance, and conducted through the house the officer of police, as he told her that he had orders to take possession of Fouché's papers. His bureaux, &c., were searched; but nothing of any importance was found in them; and Mdlle. Ribaud, when passing through her own room, drew a trunk from beneath her bed, and, taking a key out of her pocket, offered to shew her clothes to the officer of police, who said that he had no wish to give her that trouble. It was, however, in that trunk that Fouché's important papers were deposited. In the mean time the National Guards had arrived; and after they were harangued by Mdlle. Ribaud on the merits and services of Fouché, and on the insult and injustice with which he had been treated, they drove away the gens-d'armes who attended the officer of police.—Fouché, who, after the return of Napoleon, was re-appointed minister of police, was asked by him whether it was not very desirable to obtain the services of Talleyrand, who was then one of the French ambassadors at Vienna. Certainly, replied Fouché; and Napoleon then said, "What do you think of sending to him a handsome snuff-box?" Fouché was aware of the extreme absurdity of endeavouring to bribe a minister, who was supposed to be rapacious, by a present which, as a matter of course, he had received on the conclusion of every treaty, observed, if a snuff box were sent to Talleyrand, he would open it to see what it contained. "What do you mean?" inquired Napoleon. "It is idle," replied Fouché, "to talk of sending to him a snuff-box. Let an order for two millions of francs be sent to him, and let one half of the sum be payable on his return to France." "No," said Napoleon, "that is too expensive, and I shall not think of it."—"The Memoirs which after Fouché's death were published under his name do not appear to be authentic; and the statements contained in them differ in many respects from those which I received from him; but neither the one nor the other may have been founded in truth."—"According to a homely expression, 'there was no love lost' between Fouché and Talleyrand. The former said, 'Talleyrand est nul' till after he had drunk a bottle of Madeira; and the latter asked, 'Do you not think that Fouché has very much the air of a country comedian?' Fouché spoke very contemptuously of the late Emperor of Austria, whom he called 'un cretin.'"

DANTON.—His nature was dauntless; his temper mild and frank; his disposition sociable; naturally rather kind and merciful, his feelings were only blunted to scenes of cruelty by his enthusiasm, which was easily kindled in favour of any great object; and even when he had plunged into bloodshed, none of the chiefs who directed those sad proceedings ever saved so many victims from the tempest of destruction which their machinations had let loose. Nor was there anything paltry and mean in his conduct on these occasions, either as to the slaughters which he encouraged, or the lives which he saved. No one has ever charged him with sacrificing any to personal animosity, like Robespierre and Collet d'Herbois, whose adversaries fell before the Revolutionary Tribunal, or those against whom offended vanity made them bear a spite; and it is certain that he used his influence in procuring the escape of many who had proved his personal enemies. His retreat to Arcis-sur-Aube, after his refusal to enter the Committee of Public Safety, and finally his self-sacrifice by protesting against the sanguinary course of that terrible power, leave no doubt whatever resting upon his general superiority in character and in feeling to almost all the other chiefs. His natural endowments were great for any part in public life, whether at the bar or in the senate, or even in war: for the part of a revolutionary leader they were of the highest order. A courage which nothing could quell; a quickness of perception at once and clearly to perceive his own opportunity, and his adversary's error; singular fertility of resources, with the power of sudden change in his course, and adaptation to varied circumstances; a natural eloquence springing from the true source of all eloquence—warm feelings, fruitful imagination, powerful reason, the qualities that distinguish it from the mere rhetorician's art—but an eloquence hardy, caustic, masculine; a

mighty frame of body; a voice overpowering all resistance: these were the grand qualities which Danton brought to the prodigious struggle in which he was engaged; and ambition and enthusiasm could, for the moment, deaden within him those kindlier feelings which would have impeded or encumbered his progress to eminence and power. That he was extremely zealous for the great change which he so essentially promoted can admit of no doubt; and there is no reason whatever for asserting that his ambition, or any personal motive, overtopped his honest though exaggerated enthusiasm.

CAMILLE DESMOLINS.—But the merit of Camille rises very much above any literary fame which writers can earn, or the public voice can bestow. He appears ever to have been a friend to milder measures than suited the taste of the times, and to have entirely agreed with Danton in his virtuous resistance to the reign of blood. At the very beginning of the revolution he had contributed mainly to the great event which launched it, the attack upon the Bastille. He harangued the people, and then led them on, holding two loaded pistols in his hands. He also joined Danton in the struggle which the Mountain made against the Gironde, and is answerable for a large share in the proscription of that party, firmly believing, as Danton did, that their views were not purely revolutionary, and that their course must lead to a restoration of the monarchy. He was at first, too, a promoter of mob proceedings and the mobs that regulated them, his nickname being "Procureur Général de la Lanterne" (*Attorney-General of the Lamp-post*.)

We have only room to add, that Lord Brougham bitterly criticises and refutes Junius (inclining, we think, to refer the anonyne to the Franciscans), hits hard at the late Lord Sydenham for his letter on the Americans, and punishes Wilkes with unsparing severity. He gets a slapping analogy between that unprincipled demagogue and the agitator of Ireland:—

DEMAGOGUE ARTS.—WILKES.—But the fall, the rapid and total declension of Wilkes' fame—the utter oblivion into which his very name has passed for all purposes save the remembrance of his vices—the very ruins of his reputation no longer existing in our political history—this affords also a salutary lesson to the followers of the multitude—those who may court the applause of the hour, and regulate their conduct towards the people, not by their own sound and conscientious opinions of what is right, but by the desire to gain fame in doing what is pleasing, and to avoid giving the displeasure that arises from telling wholesome though unpalatable truths. Never man more pandered to the appetites of the mob than Wilkes; never political pimp gave more uniform contentment to his employers. Having the moral and sturdy English, and not the voluble and versatile Irish, to deal with, he durst not do or say as he chose himself; but was compelled to follow that he might seem to lead, or at least to go two steps with his followers that he might get them to go three with him. He dared not deceive them grossly, clumsily, openly, impudently—dared not tell them opposite stories in the same breath—give them one advice to-day and the contrary to-morrow—pledge himself to a dozen things at one and the same time; then come before them with every one pledge unredeemed, and ask their voices, and ask their money too, on the credit of as many more pledges for the succeeding half year—all this with the obstinate and jealous people of England was out of the question; it could not have passed for six weeks. But he committed as great, if not as gross, frauds upon them; abused their confidence as entirely if not so shamefully; catered for their depraved appetites in all the base dainties of sedition, and slander, and thoughtless violence, and unreasonable demands; instead of using his influence to guide their judgment, improve their taste, reclaim them from bad courses, and better their condition by providing for their instruction. The means by which he retained their attachment were disgraceful and vile. Like the hypocrite, his whole public life was a lie. The tribute which his unruly appetites kept him from paying to private morals, his dread of the mob, or his desire to use them for his selfish purposes, made him yield to public virtue; and he never appeared before the world without the mask of patriotic enthusiasm or democratic fury; he who in the recesses of Medenham-abbey, and before many witnesses, gave the Eucharist to an ape, or prostituted the printing-press to multiply the copies of a production that would dye with blushes the cheeks of an impure.

CONFESSIONS OF A KEYHOLE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

I am a native of London, and was bored about a century ago. I am not ashamed to say that originally I was of a circular form, and of a size quite inconsiderable compared with my present dimensions, being intended simply to give effect to the spring of a latch; but a change came o'er the spirit of the house (I believe this is the modern style) with which I am connected, and some interesting events rendering a lock necessary, I was subsequently raised to the dignity of a keyhole.

The great powers that govern alike the destinies of keyholes and kings, may be supposed to have little favoured me. It was certainly not my fate to be cut in solid fine mahogany, or glorious old oak; to be fashioned in any substance resembling ebony, ivory, or mother of pearl; to be wrought in the precious metals, or even to be encircled and set off with fanciful ornaments, bronze or gilt; I have heard of silver keys, but no key of that kind ever came near me. I cannot boast of being the medium of a statesman's entrance to his study, or of a beauty's entrance to her boudoir. Plain uses and plain appearances are all I pretend to.

I am as far removed however from the gloomy hovel of one district as from the gloomier hell of another; and I ever thanked fortune, from the moment when the air of heaven first found a clear passage through me, for having placed me among the middle classes; neither in a parish-union nor a palace; neither in a miser's chest nor a church door; not so high up as the garret of a philosopher, nor so low down as the cellar of a five-bottle countryhead; neither in the prison of an honest debtor, nor in a grinding usurer's country-box.

I may add, if a little more breath may be allowed me on this point, that although it is the luck of one keyhole to be cut in the door of a harem, and of another in the door of a green-room—while this has its lot in the gate of the foundling-hospital, and a second gapes in the door of some sworn bachelor's cold and comfortless dormitory,—these opposite situations, abounding as they may with the means of gratifying curiosity, and awakening moral reflections, are in truth any thing but enviable. To a keyhole of a sensitive turn a post in a quiet private family is the most desirable; at a distance, on the one hand, from the dreary still-life and newsless monotony of a deserted barrister's chamber, unlocked once a day; and on the other, from the wear and tear attendant upon a connexion with an elderly lady's cordial closet, opened every ten minutes.

But it must be owned that there are a thousand positions more favourable than my own to the picking up of secrets, and the whispering of strange news. What mysterious and heart-rending revelations—what tender and exciting confessions—what unexpected and terrible disclosures, might myriads of my brethren make if they disburdened themselves of that secret information which is stored in their small but wonder-treasuring recesses!

If instead of relating my own experiences it were my purpose to speculate on the secrets which other keyholes may have collected, tragedies as dire and mysterious, as blood-curdling as any ever acted in Blue-Beard's chamber might be found lurking near very unlikely locks, and whispers of them might be caught coming through very ordinary looking apertures. It might be by no means necessary to repair for appalling tales of suffering, told only in sighs and groans, to the keyhole of the condemned cell, with its lonely inmate, or to the gate of the many-peopled and yet more desolate hospital. No, by the common till, the cash-box of a pawnbroker, opened every minute in the day—at the closed inner door of a gambling-house, past which one continual stream of life flows unobtrusively on for ever—at the locked and sealed-up lid of a Minister's red-box, borne by a heedless and insensible official to its sacred destination;—but with any secrets in this latter quarter it is best perhaps to have nothing to do. When the contents transpire in the regular way, that will doubtless be quite time enough for most people.

I may here close my introductory speculations with the general remark, that as no human face divine ever passed before the mortal gaze that was not well worth looking at, for some odd reason or other, so no keyhole in Christendom or out of it was ever cut, bored, or chiselled, that was not, for some similar odd reason, worth peeping into or listening at. It is a conviction of this truth that encourages me to proceed with my narrative.

The apartment to which I was an appurtenance, and in behalf of whose tenants in endless succession I was to discharge such important and necessary functions, was at first let with other rooms as lodgings. I remember the workmen coming to fit up and furnish, and from them I heard the praises of the tenant, even before he had taken up his abode in my vicinity.

He was a prodigious favourite with every body; that was evident before he appeared. Captain Flint smiled, spoke, moved, lived, only to fascinate. High and low were alike caught—the great marquis and the poor mechanic. There was a general conspiracy among the tradesmen to have the place completed—not half finished—by the appointed hour; they would not disoblige so sweet-tempered and affable a customer for twice the amount of their profits. Curtains should be put up and carpets down, whether there happened to be time enough or not. As for Peggy, who was dusting every thing as if for sheer pleasure, prematurely, before the workmen had departed; she vowed by her quarter's wages she would dust the tips of her fingers off rather than leave a single speck anywhere within sight, to offend the dear, smiling blue eyes of a captain, who seemed to have collected whatever was brilliant, handsome, and seductive in the whole British army, into that one pair of gracious sparklers.

But it was not merely Peggy and the workpeople who were smitten; the landlord came up with an eager and anxious countenance, as if he were looking for his rent beforehand; but in truth he only came to hurry on proceedings, lest so kind and charming a lodger should find anything to complain of. And yet what an idle thought, said the good man to himself. He complain! with such a face as that! I defy him!

On one thing, or rather two, as I could plainly overhear, all the gossipers were agreed; and these were—that whereas my master was by far the sweetest-tempered, the most affable, and the most amiable of mortals then existing, his wife was assuredly altogether as sour—an icicle too cold to be melted by the sunbeam she had married—a shrewish thing unconscious of the rare felicity of her lot in possessing, with the husband for life, the fond perpetual lover—a knowing hypocritical little fury, obstinately bent on remaining insensible to the blessing of having an angel for her lawfully-wedded partner.

"A real angel," cried Peggy, perfectly bewitched, "if he's a lodger!" And at length when all was complete, up came the expected lodgers, ushered in by "my landlord;" the captain in his turn introducing half a dozen friends, who came to favour him with their opinions touching colours, contrasts, patterns, and proportions.

A general cry of "beautiful!" "charming!" conveyed at the first survey of the apartment a verdict of approval, and several glowing faces, turning rapidly from this side to that, expressed in looks the same decision wherever their glances fell. What the captain's face said, however, I could not see, for his back was towards me; but just at the moment I caught that which could scarcely be less expressive than his best holiday looks—the tones of the sweetest, softest, silveriest voice conceivable, and yet withal quite manly and unaffected.

"My dear," said the beautiful winning voice, "I hope you will find something to approve in the arrangement. It is not complete, you know, until you sanction it with a smile."

The dulcet words were addressed to his wife—and Mrs. Flint did smile; she did more, for she delivered her opinion in a low quiet voice, as if not much moved by the exhibition which delighted others, and indeed little addicted to raptures at any time, to the effect that she thought it all very pleasing, and quite as it should be; an expression of approval which certainly did not harmonize exactly with the chorus of "charming!" "perfect!" and therefore had a rather cold and dissatisfied twang in it.

The face of my mistress was visible to me as she spoke, and a very pretty face—may, a lovely one it must once have been. I use the past tense, for although it had still youth in it, it had seen its best days. What could have left it young, and yet have stripped it of the glow and the grace of the early time, when the heart's freshest hues flush the beautiful cheek, and the whiteness of the unsmiling soul has its outward and visible sign on the fair, lovely, open brow—when the hope that lights up all within is seen in the sunny smile, and the leap of the happy blood is in the giddy, sudden, joyous laugh!

Can it be, I mused within myself—can it be her indomitable shrewishness that has cast the pale premature shadow upon her brow, that is giving by rapid degrees a sunken form to her cheek, that invests her pretty mouth with a sadness not untouched with pain, and conveys into her eyes—no, there is nothing like the spirit of a shrew lingering in those patient, passionless orbs, which reveal so little of any emotion or trouble in the inner nature, and tell rather of faded fires than flashes and gusts to be dreaded now. It must have been a raging volcano to have burnt out so soon. Perhaps she helped to put it out with floods of savage tears on finding herself unable to spoil her doting husband's temper. Her flames have turned to ice, and she is simply cold, sullen, and discontented—ah, I said so, she is at this moment finding fault.

"If I may," remarked the lady of the lodgings, at that moment, in the same quiet tones, "suggest an improvement, I think it might be effected by hanging the picture lower—at present it is in a false light, and the effect is disadvantageous."

"The picture" thus adverted to by Mrs. Flint, was no other than a portrait of the captain, an acknowledged likeness of the All-admired, and the company with one accord turned to look at the masterpiece. Each gazed with rapturous admiration, as each had done a hundred times before, at the brilliant canvas whereon rested the placid and undelighted eyes of Mrs. Flint; and then each

directed a glance at the face of that pensive critic, in which there was no touch of idolatry expressed, and what awakened their wonder more, no character of scorn or disgust either.

"How astonishingly she contrives to hide her hatred and malice," said each of the company in significant looks to the other. "The portrait is in the very happiest light, and with that demure visage she proposes to destroy its effect! Well, of all women in the world—"

But of all men in the world, Captain Flint, at that instant, looked the handsomest and the happiest. As he, too, turned towards the portrait, his face flashed in the direction of the door, and if a sunbeam had darted through me, I could not have felt more suddenly illuminated. His countenance, it is no exaggeration to say, was suffused with the light of an enthusiastic mind. It was—as if a keyhole may be allowed the expression—it was one smile. It had been dipped in rose-water, and had caught not only the sweetness of the flower, but the tints of it. With what a glow of pure affection and gratitude it recognised the tender interest which Mrs. Flint had taken in the position of his worthless portrait—yet not wholly worthless since she had bestowed her first inquiring thoughts upon it, and wished to see it more advantageously placed.

He did not utter a syllable, for words, though delivered in the most melodious tones, must have feebly expressed his emotions; but he thanked her in more eloquent silence with his eyes—such eyes!—and then with his hands; between which he pressed for a moment one of hers, that trembled a little as he raised it almost reverentially to his lips. In fact, I expected for a brief second to see lips meeting lips; but perhaps his ardent feelings were restrained by the presence of company—or he might have been deterred by the calm look which his wife bent upon his fond and beaming face, as she gently turned aside her head, and, still unmoved, appeared to be tracing the intricate pattern of the new carpet.

All eyes observed the graceful action of the captain, the air of devotion, of idolatrous affection even, which he assumed as if by an instinct of his superior nature; and no eyes then, save those of the wife herself, were deficient in very obvious signs of admiration.

And, now, as though raised beyond his ordinary spring of spirits, by a feeling of hilarity on taking possession of his new residence, by the well-understood sentiment with which his gentle wife had hallowed the hearthstone by which he was to sit, and by the presence of friends willing, not only to be pleased, but charmed, he gave a loose to his powers of entertaining. With inexhaustible variety he led from one form of pleasantry to another, and touched in turn on the topic most acceptable to each of his guests. The rich chocolate, the fine wine, the dainty liqueur, wanted sparkle and fragrance in comparison with his jest and sentiment. The current of his gay humour was a constant flow, yet a constant change; so that the listener might break in at any point he pleased, and join in the rattle—or sit contentedly and laugh. He dealt out compliments, impromptu, equal almost to Mr. Pope's, and if Sir Richard had been there, he would have started off home, earlier than the rest, to write Tatlers from recollection.

But the real charm of his wit consisted less in its brilliancy than in its delightful temper. It was the suavity, more even than the mirth and gaiety of his manner, that flung its spell over the room, and made life, where he was, a comedy on which there was no curtain to fall. Mere wit may become wearisome, but goodhumour and joyous frankness never.

In the exercise of these qualities, in the easy display of a series of delicate and polished courtesies, felt rather than observed, the time flew; and the guests, forgetful of the playhouse and Ranalegh, protracted their intended visit of an hour far into the evening; when amidst a shower of merry laughs and anticipations of the coming housewarming, mingled with more formal ceremonials and adieus, they broke away, to sing to the world the praises of Captain Flint; adding to these, their especial wonder, that a creature so perfectly enchanting should be so perfectly enchanted with his wife—and such a wife.

No sooner had the last parting word been uttered, no sooner at least had the door been closed, than a shadow fell across the apartment, gloomy as it was sudden—as though the lights had all gone out with the guests. I peeped round, curious to know the cause, and saw it in the altered visage of my master. Yes, his face literally darkened the room. I felt a shiver run through me at the startling, the fearful change.

It was not that to the glittering play of fancy and the flash of merriment, an expression of weariness had succeeded—that the bright eye looked sleepy, that the smiling mouth had fallen under the influence of a yawn; that the human machine had been screwed up a little too high, so that the reaction had come heavily and at once. There was no trace of this ordinary exhaustion of the animal powers in that scowling brow and that coarse sullen mouth. On the contrary, there was an indefinable quality in them that denoted vigour and full consciousness, and seemed to say that *this* was the natural character of the face.

Could it be, then, that as the glad, frank, fine-tempered air which had for hours overspread his features, disappeared with his visitors,—a mere mask had fallen off! Was the man visible now, while the actor only had appeared before! If so, there was nothing fabulous about Spencer's bird that transformed itself into a hedgehog. But a minute ago he was state-coachman to Cinderella, mounted on the box of a fairy chariot, and now behold him nothing but a large

That model of politeness and prince of good fellows, Captain Flint, having placed his back to the fire for a few seconds, and directed a few supercilious glances round the apartment, settled his look at length upon his silent partner, who sat with a resigned air and lids bent downwards, at a respectful distance. With that mysterious sympathy which enables people to feel that they are being looked at, she then raised her eyes to meet the gaze of her guardian adorer, the man whom all the world said she had positively bewitched; but although there happened to be nothing in his features just then that could possibly delight her, there was evidently nothing to surprise. Whatever character they wore, it was an expression she seemed used to; and she merely dropped her eyes again, without evincing any emotion, unless the lowest, faintest sigh in the world, which I could only just hear, might give token of some inward feeling.

He was then subject, perhaps daily subject, to terrible bodily spasms, contortions of the countenance, which gave him the appearance of being in a devil of a temper! Little did the admiring world know how its favourite suffered—how he hid his throes. So frequent were his attacks, that his wife, it was pretty clear, regarded them as things of course.

In a frame of mind, judging by appearances, that strongly disposed him to break the looking-glasses, my master now took the room at two strides, seized a book, flung himself into a chair, and commenced a "calm course of reading," with knit brows and lips violently disposed to denticulate one another. But before he had thus settled himself, my mistress broke silence—yet scarcely so either—by a meek inquiry, it might be relating either to supper or bed—but at all events it elicited no answer, and the favourite of society politely busied himself, or affected to do so, in his book.

Heaven help the author—for he had no gentle or courteous reader! After some rapid turnings of the page, and mere inarticulate criticisms, the volume was tossed away, and a yawn testified to its effects. This seemed a good sign; the paroxysm was nearly over; and thus encouraged, my mistress, who had ventured a word or two unavailingly before, followed up this invasion of the silence, by seeking to recall her lord's attention to their newly-furnished abode—timidly remarking as before.

"I think, sir, the portrait which hangs so high may—"

But there was not time to complete the suggestion; for the gay and gallant captain, speaking now to his adored wife for the first time since the departure of his guests, said,

"Dammé, madam, you are always so monstrous full of complaints; now the picture, even as it hangs, has at least the merit of being silent."

With these words and a second yawn, together with a candle snatched from the nearest table, but without a syllable to announce his intention, my admired master took his departure for the night;—yes, so it was, indeed—he returned no more.

Now, hearing what I had heard, and seeing what I had seen of my master before his visitors departed, had he, when left alone (that is, reckoning my mistress as nobody) proceeded to take his handsome features to pieces, one by one as easily as he took off his wig—had he placed his eyes in one drawer, his teeth in a second, unscrewed one of his legs, and laid his severed head on the table, ready for Peggy to take up into his dressing-room, I could not have been more astonished, nor could the alteration have been greater than the change between his countenance for company and his private one—his social and his domestic manner—in short, his artificial and his natural self.

But none of this astonishment marked the demeanour of my mistress, when of the score of merry musical good-nights which he had bestowed on his parting guests, not an echo was heard to survive for her—when, without word, look, or sign, he left her to follow him, as solitude or sleepiness might move her. To her it seemed but one of the regular and anticipated events of the evening.

As he quitted the room, her eyes followed him, momentarily, with a reproachful expression: then their look became merely sorrowful, until they slowly filled with tears, and with her face hidden in her hands, a suppressed sob was the only sound to tell that there was any thing either to resent or to forgive.

She soon arose calm as usual; the sigh as she left the apartment for the sleeping-chamber was as low, being habitually hushed, as though hearers had been nigh, and in her quiet eye there was now not a trace of tears. It was a picture of Resignation.

The next day I was again on the look-out, and just as quick to listen; but the various considerate speculations I had entertained in order to account for the phenomenon witnessed the evening before—viz., that the captain and my mistress had quarrelled violently, that he was jealous of her and assumed a cruel manner in the hope that she might betray herself in resenting it—that she was naturally chilly and insensible, which provoked him to madness—that she was a termagant of an untameable sort, and that he was working out a desperate experiment—lastly, that he was a victim to some spasmodic affection, too acute for flesh and blood to bear with a bland aspect and an amiable deportment—all these vanished as my experiences grew.

However fierce and dark the spell that bound him, the presence of a third person was sure to dissolve it; however sweet, however potent the charm that influenced him in society, it perished at the approach of solitude or his wife.

Nothing went right with him that morning, nor any other during the months he resided under that roof. Every thing was out of its place, and in his way; a conspiracy against his peace prevailed on all sides, and his wife, if he happened to think of her at all, was at the bottom of it. But the instant another face appeared upon the stage, then his became another too; the scowl cleared off, the sullen rigid lips relaxed into a smile, the sallow cheek even seemed to brighten, and a marriage-bell was not livelier than the pleasant chimes of his conversation.

"Ah!" said his sagacious admirers, as they shook hands with him after a chat that had put them in good spirits for the rest of the day, "Flint may well remain the favourite; one can never catch him out of tune; he's always in one happy humour the whole year round—and yet with such a wet-blanket of a wife!"

So he still went on; reserving (to liken him to the substance that bears his name, and is supposed to be the raw material of some men's hearts) all his brilliant sparks for society, and all his sharp cutting corners for his home.

So, too, the deception was still kept up. Even Peggy, though looking daily as it were over his very shoulder, was deceived. However surly his visage, or snarling his tone, the instant before to his wife, when Peggy entered smiles spread over the face, and sweetness stole into the voice; and worlds could not have persuaded Peggy out of her first conviction, that Captain Flint was the kindest, the gentlest, and the most even-tempered of all mortal lodgers. Ah! foolish Peggy—had you but been where I was!

But Peggy after another twelvemonth or so was obliged to seek another idol; for the lodgers removed; the silent, self-controlling, passively-obedient wife to the churchyard, and the seductive captain to country quarters. For solitude in his old apartments had now become more trying to his temper, more disagreeable every way, and especially more productive of painful indications in the countenance, than of late had been to him the presence of his pale partner and unapproaching companion—the libelled and lawful victim of his double-faced and heartless vanity—the martyr to secret griefs and cruel scorn, who perished uncared for and unregretted, while her assassin went forth as usual to cheat and be cheated—to play his gay part in the hollow pageants of life, and bow to its mockeries as if he knew them to be real.

Lodgers in plentiful succession, single and married, took up their abode in the house, and occupied the same suite of apartments, after the widower quitted them; but of these at present I am not the historian.

I pass to a later period of my experiences—many years after, when a gentleman who had come to inspect the lodgings, was shown into this very apartment. He had already seen the others, and appeared indifferent about them, but that might be the result of manner, or the consequence of age—for some would have thought him too old to care much about the style of the room he was to live in now. Yet he was by no means unconcerned on this point, and gazed around him from wall to wall on every side with eyes of lively interest. From floor to ceiling his mild searching glances ranged; and it was in soft sweet tones, and with a profound serenity of manner, as though his heart felt at rest, that he said,

"Yes, I will come and live here—come and die here."

There was on his calm aspect as he spoke a beautiful smile, which to his noble and venerable appearance added a charm singularly captivating. He agreed

to enter upon possession at once, and the same night various articles of property were brought in and deposited in this apartment, which he carefully locked on retiring for the night.

In the morning, the key was applied to *me*, and the old man entered and stood alone in the room surveying every object calmly and thoughtfully. His head drooped, yet this but rendered his air more dignified; and he seemed a man in whom all vain thoughts and violent passions were dead—in whom alone some sweet, and some, perchance, very bitter memories now survived.

He busied himself, as well as his little strength would permit, about the room in arranging the articles brought in; and when he had placed them to his satisfaction, he sat apparently contemplating some object amongst them of particular interest, what it was I could not see. After some hours thus spent he retired, and again locked the door.

The next day he returned, and the next, and every day; and on the same spot he always sat, sometimes reading, sometimes in meditation, with eyes looking inwardly into himself, but most frequently with his gaze fixed on some object placed before him, with which he seemed to converse silently, securing invariably there a dear and tranquil companionship that rendered loneliness impossible.

A few weeks, months indeed, passed away, and my curiosity had never been gratified by a single word, not a syllable that might explain the old man's mysterious visits and sacred communings in this room, into which no foot save his own was permitted to enter; when I began to note that his thin pale hand trembled more as he applied the key, and his step grew more feeble as he walked to his chair, and I thought his look became still calmer, though fonder too as he gazed on the treasure (for such it must be) before him.

The feebleness visibly increased—the visits became briefer—and then they stopped. The old man returned not again, and a knell from a neighbouring spire told why.

Some weeks after his death, when a new occupant had taken the rooms, some articles of property were removed—and amongst them, as they were carried out, a picture became for an instant visible. I recognised it as one that had hung long since in that same apartment, and from the canvass still looked down those meek and patient eyes which had so often turned on the vanity and self-will of Captain Flint, lessons not learnt in time, but yet not finally lost.

ANECDOTES OF DUELLING.

FROM THE UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL.

The subject of our present article has lately been so much canvassed in clubs and other places, where the aristocracy of Great Britain congregate; and, moreover, has also been so ably commented on in various periodicals, that we almost fear our remarks may come into the field too late: we will, however, endeavour to render them interesting by taking an extended view of a practice that at the present time is tolerated in all civilized countries. We say tolerated, for notwithstanding all the laws in force to deter individuals from sacrificing their own lives or those of their fellow-men, to the "shadow of a shade" of departed chivalry, still do we find that either the sword or the pistol, (the "ultima Thule" of argument, honour, or courage,) lend their aid to decide quarrels, or to redress imaginary or real injuries; and strange to add, notwithstanding all the pretending severity of the laws of the different countries, and, notwithstanding all the declamations against a practice condemned by God and men, in all portions of the globe, do we find the custom of duelling in full force; every country winking at the transgression of the commandment, and every "quirk and quibble of the law" being successfully made use of to save from punishment the survivor of the murderous combat.

In corroboration of the universal practice of duelling, we will call to our aid the memory of the past, and recount a few instances of this unauthorized single combat, not confining our attention merely to our own country, but extending our searching glance to neighbouring and distant nations.

During the period when the Army of Occupation was in France, a British officer extended his morning ride to a village some miles from his quarters; and man and horse being tired, they stopped at an inn for rest and refreshment. The officer was taking a hasty meal in a room on the first story, door and window wide open, when a poodle dog came up the stairs, entered the room, and finding a stranger therein, went to the window and sprang out. Scarcely was the officer recovered from his surprise at this freak of the dog, when a French officer rushed into the apartment, and passionately inquired who threw his dog out of the window. The Briton related how the circumstance had actually occurred; but the Frenchman, full of wrath, would not believe the story, and accused him of kicking the animal out of the window, and then cowardly denying it. The British officer, unwilling to assault the impertinent foreigner, for some time endeavoured to pacify him; but the Frenchman having at length asserted that he wore a sword which he dared not use, our friend could contain himself no longer. Drawing, therefore, his sabre, he furiously attacked his antagonist armed with a small sword, whose skill in the use of this weapon availed him not against so vehement an assault, which he attempted to parry, but in vain, for a well-directed cut disabled his sword-arm, and terminated the duel. The Frenchman then bound up his wound with his handkerchief, and resumed his seat in the Diligence, which had been changing horses whilst the encounter was taking place.

The French nation has from time immemorial been addicted to duelling; even when prisoners of war in England, and deprived of every other means of terminating their disputes, we have known these pugnaciously-disposed men manufacture weapons of attack and defence, by dividing a pair of scissors, and fastening them on to walking-sticks.

During the reign of Bonaparte, duels in the army were of constant occurrence, this species of satisfaction being demanded for the most trivial causes; not only were personal slights or affronts thus avenged, but promotion, considered by junior officers undeserved on the part of the fortunate mortal, was followed by challenges from those who were passed over. An instance of this took place on a Captain being promoted to a majority from his own into another regiment, the captains of which successively tested his skill and courage as a swordsman. Having, as he imagined, entirely passed through the ordeal, he comforted himself with the thoughts of being on friendly terms with his future comrades; but one morning when he was at breakfast, his servant announced that Capt. — of the Regiment, wished to see him.

"Captain who?" exclaimed the officer; "we have no such officer in the corps."

"Oh, yes, Sir!" replied the domestic, "he has been long in the regiment, but was away on sick leave when you joined."

"Show him in," said the Major.

As soon as the Captain made his appearance, he politely claimed the privilege of measuring weapons with his senior officer, who instantly ordered the breakfast to be removed, threw the skirt of his dressing-gown over his left arm,

drew his sword, and forthwith put himself on guard. Short was the encounter before the Major slightly wounded his antagonist, who, having thus obtained ample, though by no means agreeable satisfaction for the supposed injustice, quitted the apartment; the Major, on his departure, exclaiming, "Thank God; there goes the last of the Captains!"

We will now record an event that occurred when death was rife, which strongly evinces the inherent principle of pugnacity; and also shows how readily a duel may be prevented by a firm and sensible friend. A bridge was being repaired in the face of the enemy, whose troops plied the workmen incessantly with shot and shell: during this operation, the Engineer Officer was much annoyed by the interference of another officer, and after requesting him to desist, the Engineer eventually became irritated, and told him angrily to go about his business, and not to plague him any more with his ignorant remarks. Indignant at this affront, the meddler insisted on immediate satisfaction; and, having no pistols with him, ran to an Aide-de-Camp, who was waiting to carry a report of the progress of the work to his General; and, informing him of the insult he had just received, requested the loan of his pistols for a few minutes. To this the Aide-de-Camp objected, stating that he could not wait until the termination of the affair, and that he should in all probability require the pistols to defend his own life; adding, however, that he knew a method by which the officer might evince his courage, and obtain immediate satisfaction. "My friend," said he to the irate soldier, "go to the zealous Engineer, and challenge him to accompany you to the spot on the bridge, where the unfortunate workmen are being rapidly destroyed; hand in hand, place yourselves under the iron hail, and let the bravest man remain the longest." This extraordinary proposition pacified the anger of the would-be duellist, who, becoming aware that he had rendered himself amenable to the censure of the bold and efficient Engineer officer, went back to him in good humour, and ventured not again unsolicited to offer his advice and co-operation.

An Englishman being on a tour in the United States unfortunately could not find a friend and countryman to accompany him to the field; but being an experienced campaigner, he, nothing daunted, went alone to meet his antagonist, who was attended by his second and Surgeon. The ground being measured, and weapons delivered, the first fire was harmless; not so the second, for the unfortunate American fell dead at the feet of his opponent. The moment the attendants ascertained that life was extinct, they rushed from the spot, fearful of the consequences should they be discovered as participants in the mournful event. Not a creature being within sight to whom the Englishman could state the cause and result of the duel, and confide the corpse, the officer wrote with a pencil on his card the name of the defunct, briefly adding that he was shot in a fair duel; having done which, he lost no time in embarking in the packet that was preparing to sail for England when the melancholy affair took place.

This officer was well known throughout his corps for his humour, as well as for the enjoyment he derived from quizzing those of his companions who laid themselves open to his ever-ready attacks. At times, however, these sallies of mirth and frivolity were of course anything but acceptable to the smarting quizzers; one of whom especially could not stand being made the laughing-stock of the company, even by the man whose friendship he valued, and whose good fellowship he was proud of. He therefore earnestly requested the satirical officer to refrain from attacking him, especially before strangers; adding, that if he did not do so, he should certainly be obliged to call him out. This request, and the threat held out, were equally unheeded by the quizzically-disposed militant, who, at a large party at the mess, most unmercifully cut up his unfortunate friend. A challenge was sent, and early the following morning the brother officers were placed, pistol in hand, fronting each other: there must be truth in the adage, that the ruling passion is strong in death, for even when perhaps a life might be terminated in less than a second, humour and satire still held their sway over the challenged officer, who could not resist assuming the manner and the very appearance of his opponent. Observing this, the aggrieved party insisted on his ceasing to play the mimic, asserting that while he thus acted, no human being could maintain his gravity, or level his pistol at him. He urged this in vain to his former friend, who only replied, "I have a right to stand as I like, and do you fire away." The pistol was almost brought to cover its object when the humorous attitude of his antagonist overcame the resolution of the good-tempered challenger, who exclaimed, "'Tis useless remaining here; I can't fire at you: but for God's sake cease to indulge your quizzing propensities on me."

Our limits set their veto against a further extension of the anecdotal portion of our present article; we will, therefore, briefly allude to the strong feeling against the practice of duelling, lately manifested by the Editors of numerous periodicals, as well as by their talented correspondents. The pure feelings of Christianity which pervade the writings of some of these men, will not be felt, or be duly appreciated by those who would make religion a secondary object; honour, or the union of self-approbation and the world's good opinion, having the priority to the mandates of the Almighty. Vain would be our efforts were we to attempt to convince these benighted wanderers that they are idolizing a phantom in preference to worshipping the Deity; admitting the brilliancy of their day-dreams of the world's applause, with its attendant gratification and pride, let these mundane heroes reflect "the path of glory leads but to the grave," and that the resurrection from that grave will lay bare the secrets of all hearts; man not being judged by his opinions or principles, but by his acts. The only extenuation that can be admitted for the practice of duelling, as far as men are concerned, is the present state of society, and the impotency of the laws to punish the perpetrators of crimes destructive of the happiness of individuals,—crimes of the blackest die, which in many instances banish reason from her throne, or render the world a desert to the agonized parent, or husband.

With "O'Halloran, Junior," we think that "Duelling may be easily confined within a very narrow range, that to the peril of the practice itself the law may with propriety add perils of its own short of death, which even the brave and the ruffian would hesitate to encounter." The whole of this letter, dated Limerick, July 17, (published in the Naval and Military Gazette,) is however, so judiciously and sensibly written, that we feel ourselves called upon especially to direct the attention of our readers to the unbiassed opinions of the writer, a distinguished veteran. We cannot in any manner strengthen his view of the subject; and we shall, therefore, in conclusion, allude to the "Association for the Suppression of Duelling," the late proceedings of which have been published, with the hope of disseminating "peace, good will towards men;" and of contributing to the total extinction of a crime tolerated in civilized society, but diametrically opposed to the pure tenets of Christianity. Would that the religious and philanthropic feelings of the members of this association were implanted in the hearts of each and all of us, thus rendering the world truly "the habitation of just and perfect men;" but, alas! we are so prone to evil, and the passions of human nature are so firmly rooted, that the perfectibility of society is, we fear, still far distant from us; and, until men "cease to do evil, and learn to do well," the crime of duelling will continue to be in force, for the

prevention or punishment of offences destructive of human happiness and good morals.

Various suggestions have been published for the formation of Courts of Honour in England; much good might unquestionably result from such establishments; but to render them efficacious the members must have power to award pains and penalties for offences, requiring more than mere arbitration or reprimands. This, being an infringement on our civil and military polity, cannot at present be carried into effect; but we are satisfied that the Sovereign of Prussia has struck at the root of the evil, and that for the British Army, at all events, similar regulations might be framed; by strict attention to which duelling would gradually diminish, and eventually only be held in *terrorem* over the heads of men totally devoid of religion, morality, gentlemanly feeling, and upright conduct. Fully approving the chief portion of the Ordinance, and sanguinely looking forward to the establishment of Courts of Honour in the British Army, we cannot refrain from giving further publicity to some of the details relative to the recent creation of Courts of Honour in Prussia.

"The ordinance on this matter is dated July 20, and contains 37 articles, from which it appears that Courts of Honour are to be permanent in all garrisons, the members being named by the King. All officers of the Army, with the exception of general officers, are subject to the jurisdiction of those courts. The punishments which those courts may inflict are five—viz., reprimand, dismissal, rustication from the body of officers, deprivation of the right to wear military uniform, and removal from the dwelling which officers on half-pay may have obtained. In all cases where a dispute has arisen, and a duel may follow, councils of honour are specially charged with the task of reconciling the parties. The officers intending to fight are bound under heavy penalties to give immediate notice to those councils, which are then to procure all the necessary information on what has passed, and, should they not be able to reconcile the parties, are to refer the matter to one of the Courts of Honour. The court, after having heard the parties, will make a declaration, limited to one of the three following categories:—1st, that the honour of neither party is to be considered outraged, and the court does not think it necessary to issue a reprimand; 2nd, that either one or both parties is to be reprimanded, and that they are to reciprocally apologize before the court and shake hands; 3rd, that one or both is to be dismissed the Service. In the latter case a report is to be addressed to the King by the Court of Honour, and an ordinance will subsequently decide on the matter. Should the parties refuse to acquiesce in the suggestions of the court, they shall be authorised to fight, but subject to the penalties given below. Should there be real cause for the duel, the Council of Honour shall make another attempt to reconcile the parties, and, if this should prove unsuccessful, the council and seconds shall be present at the fight. After it has been concluded, the Council of Honour shall send in a report of the matter to the Council of War, which shall apply to the combatants the following punishments:—1. If neither adversary is killed both shall be confined in a fortress for one or two months, according to the nature of the wounds inflicted. 2. If one has been killed, or dies of his wounds, the survivor shall be put under arrest, and confined in a fortress for a time not exceeding four years, and not less than one. 3. Should the challenge be given for a duel *à outrance*, the survivor shall be confined for from five to ten years. Should neither adversary be killed, the same amount of punishment shall be inflicted on both, but reduced to a period of from two to six years. 4. If there are aggravating circumstances the survivor shall be sentenced to from ten to twenty years' imprisonment. 5. Should a duel take place without notice being given to the Council of Honour, but in presence of seconds, or should it take place without seconds being present, the punishment shall be increased. 6. In all cases the Council of War shall inquire if he who has sent the challenge has done so deliberately and maliciously, or only in a moment of passion or irritation. In the former case the punishments may be doubled."

Would that all officers would follow implicitly the good example of Sir George Beckwith, who was not only highly distinguished for his service in the field, but beloved and respected by all his friends and subordinates. This gallant officer was ever prompt to smooth the brow of anger; and if, in the hours of conviviality, arguments became too warm, and unkind words or expressions too readily were bandied about, the mild and gentlemanly veteran stepped forward to interpose between the excited arguers, pacifying them by his amiable manner, and generally closing his parental admonition by saying, "My friends, I have lived to a good old age, and, believe me when I assure you, there is nothing in this world worth quarrelling about."

MORE SCRAPS FROM MY SABRETASCHE.

OUR FIRST MEETING WITH GENERAL LEON.

The first interview between the squadron (its officers at least) and Leon was highly characteristic. I was not present myself, but had a most graphic description of it from a comrade—the adjutant of the regiment—who was there.

I will endeavor to relate it as nearly as may be in his words—although I must despair of rendering on paper the rich humor with which it was told me.

It was at Arizaona in Navarre (adjutant *loquitur*), a fine summer day, and a parade was ordered at eleven o'clock for the commanding officer of the squadron. About half an hour before parade time I was walking down the street near my quarters, when I met a party of Spanish officers, one of whom I immediately set down as the finest looking fellow I had seen in Spain. He was dressed in a green uniform frock, and as he passed me, I saw several decorations on his breast, and dangling conspicuously amongst them a miniature gold-headed cane. I could not make out what this meant or who the man was.

"He cannot be a drum-major," I thought, "they are all officers with him."

On looking again, I perceived that it was a model of the *baston de mando*, carried by Spanish officers of rank.

I had heard that Leon was expected down to take command of the division, the Spaniards had been talking about it, and telling us we should see the Spanish Murat, as they styled him; but I was not aware of his having arrived, and it never occurred to me that this might be him.

I walked on, and presently met the officer commanding the squadron, Major H., better known among his intimates by the cognomen of "Paddy," although that was not his name,—and more's the pity, for he would have done honor to it.

Paddy seemed to be in an uncommon state of excitement.

"Do you know who that officer is going along yonder?" said I. "He's a very fine-looking fellow."

"Hush, man!" was Paddy's answer; "sure it's the general. Leon himself. For God's sake get out the squadron as soon as you can, he'll be wanting to see the parade."

The men were soon got out but Leon did not come near us. When parade was over and the squadron dismissed, I was standing talking with two or three other officers, while Paddy was amusing himself with leaping his horse over a

low stone wall of which there are abundance in northern Spain, used as in Ireland to divide the fields. Leon came by with a numerous staff.

"*Bien! Bien!*" cried he, as he saw our major take the wall, which was a small one; but Spaniards have no notion of making their horses leap, and a little matter in that way will astonish them. "*Bien! Quien es ese?*" Who is that officer?

They told him that it was the *commandante* of the English lancers, and he said he should like to speak to him. So up came an officer with a very polite message, to say that the general wished to be introduced to Major H.

The major looked as if he did not half like it; for we had heard so much of Leon and of his qualities as a general, and every thing else, that we all felt some degree of awe of him. However, there was no help for it, so Paddy went up and made his bow, was introduced in due form, and soon got engaged in an animated conversation with the general.

Presently some more Spaniards came up, and there being some amongst them I knew, I joined them, and there were soon thirty or forty officers, all Spaniards, except three or four, standing round the general, who I found was having a great discussion with Major H., about horseflesh, and the comparative merits of English and Spanish horses and riders.

The general ordered all his horses to be brought out, several of his staff did the same, and Paddy, who had sent away the horse he rode on parade, now sent for two capital chargers he had.

The gelding I was riding was much admired by the Spaniards, it was a pretty, showy-looking beast, but I had another, a mare, within an ace of thoroughbred, which I knew would astonish them, and I had told my servant to bring her. Presently up she came in a plain saddle, snaffle, and running martingale, her head low, and creeping over the ground, as if she were picking her way amongst eggs, looking in short exactly the contrary of what a Spaniard considers a fine horse.

"*Hombre! Es una yegua!*" It is a mare!" cried they.

One scarcely ever sees a mare ridden in Spain, and it was always a matter of surprise to the Spaniards that we used them indifferently with geldings. They looked at her all over, shrugging their shoulders, and with a sort of depreciating twist of the mouth which meant,

"We are too polite to tell you that your mare is not worth a rush." But they evidently thought it.

I was obliged to tell some of them not to go too near her, for Spaniards have a habit of going up to their horses and pulling their tails and taking other liberties with them which my Juanna would not at all have put up with. They seemed to think my caution not very necessary with a beast that looked as if she had not a kick in her, but they stood back and I mounted.

The mare was usually very restive to mount, but this time, as if she had comprehended what was going on, she stood like a lamb. I just felt her with my leg, and she walked away as quietly as possible. Presently I put her into a trot. She was a beautiful trotter, splendid action, very fast and her steps regular as clockwork. The Spaniards began to look at her with more respect.

"Bravo! Trots well. Can she leap? Try her at the *sanja*!"

This was a low bank just by. I walked her up to it quite quietly, she took it without the smallest effort.

"*Muy bien!*" said the Spaniards. "Good mare."

I did not want to knock my mare about, good English horses were not plentiful enough in Spain for that, but I took her over two or three small things, and at last she began to get warm, and to rush at her leaps. I shortened my stirrups a hole, took ground for a canter, and rode her at a stiff stone-wall, a good four-and-a-half feet high. The Spaniards had not been expecting any thing of the sort, and most of them were looking the other way at the general's horses which were just coming up. They all had their attention attracted, however, by an exclamation from those who were watching me.

"*Adonde va ese hombre?*" Where's the man going to?" they cried, when they saw my mare flying a foot above the wall in the most beautiful style possible: and they praised her as much now as they had before depreciated her.

Up came Leon's horses, fine-looking chargers some of them, with long sweeping manes and tails, tremendous crests, round quarters, distended nostrils, and clean fine legs, looking like the sort of horses one sees in pictures, showy enough certainly, but not the English *beau ideal* of a horse. Their trappings were what Spaniards consider the quintessence of elegance, saddles covered with colored cloth or velvet, cruppers and bridles with long tufts of colored hair attached to them to keep off the flies and serve as ornament. All very fine, but rather unlike the neat business-like look of an English hunting saddle and bridle.

The colors of the horses were odd. The Spaniards have queer notions in that respect. "There was a piebald which they thought great things of, and then there was one all over spots and stripes that they called *El Tigre*, the Tiger."

The Tiger was a very fine Andalusian certainly, and would have been a great acquisition to Mr. Batty of circus celebrity; but it was an odd color to choose for an officer's riding, and altogether he looked much more like a theatre horse than a general's charger.

"*Oh! El Tigre! Hermosissimo cavallo, que arrogantisimo, que soberbio!*" cried the Spaniards, who all agreed that he was the most superb and superlative animal they had ever seen; and one of the aides-de-camp named Gonzales was to ride him, to show his paces to the English officers.

"*Calte, calte!*" Room, room!" cried Leon and his staff, and immediately every body stood back, leaving a space where half a squadron might have manoeuvred, for one man to mount in.

The horse was led forward, curvetting, pawing, and champing his bit till the foam flew all about, and fell in white flocks upon his coat. Gonzales mounted; he rode well for a Spaniard; a fair military rider, but had no idea of leaping, or of any thing but *manege* work. He put the horse through all his paces, passed him, made him change his feet and perform the serpentine equal to the first rider at Maidstone, and all that sort of thing, which the animal did as neatly as if he had been under the tuition of a dancing-master.

The Spaniards were in raptures and began praising their horses and preferring them to the English in a tone of great exultation, but without ever losing sight of the courtesy and perfect politeness which is a Spanish quality.

"Your horses are very good," they said, "and they leap perhaps better than ours, but can they do such things as that? And then they want the *brío*, the dash and fire of our Andalus." And their mouths are hard too."

We made little answer to all this. Spanish horses are ridden with bits of a weight that I will not mention lest my veracity should be suspected, and of a severity of construction that would smash the jaw of an English dray-horse. With such instruments of torture in their mouths, they are of course not likely to pull much; but it was no use explaining all this to them, and we said nothing.

Paddy, however, I saw was chafing internally at the assumed superiority of Spanish cattle, and was looking impatiently about him for his own horses, which at last appeared.

"Now then," he said to me, "I'll astonish these fellows a little."

As he spoke he sprang upon his best charger. I saw that his blood was up by the way he settled himself in the saddle and woke the horse up with the spur. He just glanced at the circle of Spaniards, who were waiting to see what he was going to do, and then made a rush at a stone wall. Over he went in fine style, and at full gallop across a field. There was another wall, a tremendous rasper. Cram went the spurs into the horse, and he flew over.

"Carajo!" shouted the Spaniards, "esta loco! He's mad, he's mad! He'll break his neck!"

On went Paddy, clearing every thing, banks, ditches, walls, choosing the most difficult places he could find, going a tremendous pace over the flat ground, and taking all the leaps in most rasping style. By the way he picked out his ground, he managed to get more leaps in a run of a little more than a mile than are usually found in a whole steeple-chase. The Spaniards really thought him mad, struck by the sun or something, and stood there with uplifted hands and open mouths, calling upon all the saints in their astonishment, and some even crossing themselves, as they often do in Spain when exceedingly thunderstruck. It was a perfect comedy to watch them, and I laughed till the tears ran over my face, partly at them, and partly at the desperate, earnest, and furious vehemence with which Paddy was taking it out of his horse, and vindicating what he considered the national honor.

He had made a sort of circuit, and was now returning towards us. When he had taken his last leap he pushed his horse to the top of his speed, and came galloping at the group of Spaniards with the apparent intention of charging into the middle of them, and riding a few down. They really thought him insane, and were horribly frightened.

"Que demonio es ese hombre!" cried poor Leon, in his Andalusian accent, "que loco! What a devil that man is! what a madman!"

And he ran on one side, and the aide-de-camp ran on the other, scuffling and treading on each other's spurs, and cursing at the mad Englishman.

Up came Paddy, slap at them; but as he got within a couple of horses' lengths he pulled short up, his horse in a lather, and his own honest physiognomy as red as fire. At that moment the man was fit for Bedlam. His excitement amounted to madness.

"A hora, carajo!" cried he, "que le parecen a vos los cavallos, Ingleses? Now then, and be d—d to you, what do you think of English horses?"

"Oh, by the powers!" thought I, "and this from a major to the Mariscal de Campo, Don Diego Leon, commanding division, &c. &c."

But Leon was too good a fellow to be offended. He enjoyed the thing amazingly, and from that moment to the day we were detached from his division, he used to swear by the English squadron, and more especially by its mad commandante.

GASTRONOMICS.

Spanish cookery is not generally considered to be first-rate, and the oil and garlic certainly do predominate a little at times; but yet they have many excellent dishes, and have also the good sense to repair their deficiencies by borrowing from the French. The Spaniards in general, I think, care little about eating. Give them a *puchero* and a glass of water, just colored with wine, and they will dine as contentedly on it as if they had three courses and a dessert. The cigar that follows the repast always appears to be a much greater gratification to them than the meal itself. The *puchero*, by the by, is a capital plain dish. It is composed of beef, bacon, some of the exquisite little chorizos or sausages of Extremadura, white beans and garbanzos, a sort of large dried pea, exceedingly farinaceous. This is all boiled together, and then served up dry on different dishes. Tomato or some other sauce is frequently eaten with it.

The *refrescos* and cooling drinks have, not unnaturally in a hot climate like Spain, received much attention, and certainly they are most delicious. I recollect dining with some officers of the guard who drank nothing both during and after dinner but a mixture of sherry and lemonade, equal parts of each. This was kept in a large silver pail that stood in a tub of ice, and a waiter served it out with a punch ladle as it was called for.

There is another excellent drink, although its composition may seem strange. A bowl half full of iced lemonade is filled up with the light frothy beer drunk on the continent. It is the most refreshing beverage I ever tasted, and when one is used to it, perhaps the most agreeable in hot weather. The *leche helado* milk half-frozen, and flavored with cinnamon and orange-flowers, is another delicious draught.

The Spaniards did not understand our tastes in eating and drinking. They looked on in astonishment at our consumption of butcher's meat and strong liquors. One Christmas-day we gave a dinner to a score of Spanish officers, which was prepared by French and English cooks, and it was amusing to see how our guests were puzzled at some of the dishes. Spaniards eat very little animal food—and a huge joint of beef, which of course, considering the day, was indispensable, produced sundry exclamations of wonder, and a hinted doubt whether anything less than a whole battalion could accomplish the demolition of such a mass of flesh. Some plain boiled potatoes excited considerable curiosity as to the condiment with which they should be eaten. Salt was rejected, and sugar talked of, but some English mustard finally carried the day.

I believe the Spaniards considered us half cannibals because we eat so much meat. Some of them had got an extraordinary idea in their heads that Englishmen liked meat nearly raw, or at least exceedingly underdone. On one occasion General Zurbano asked us all to dine with him and his officers. He gave us a capital dinner at a *posada*, good cookery, and good wine. But when the repast was, as we thought, at an end, and the dessert going to appear, half a dozen waiters entered the room with smoking dishes in their hands, and placed them on the table. This was something prepared expressly out of compliment to *los Ingleses*, pieces of beef less than half cooked, and swimming in gravy of a most sanguine hue. We had a hearty laugh at the idea, but declined attacking the ox-flesh, which we should indeed have done had it been in a less crude state having already well dined. Poor Zurbano, however, who was a hospitality personified, seemed quite grieved at our not partaking of a dish which he had been told was such a favorite one with the English.

This will not be an unfit place for an anecdote that occurs to me. On the march one day through a very abundant wine-country, and in desperately hot weather, we made a short halt at a village, to let the men refresh themselves. In some of the flat districts of Spain the drought is so often excessive that, towards the close of the summer, one may march half a day or more without seeing a drop of water, and this is an important reason for the scanty population of some parts of the peninsula—La Mancha, for instance. People will not settle where there is no water within a moderate distance. Water in La Mancha is often, literally speaking, far dearer to buy than wine. To be sure the latter is so plentiful that they sometimes throw away that of last year's vintage to make room for this year's wine, if it is of better quality.

After half an hour's halt we resumed our march, all the better for having shaken off a little dust, and moistened our parched lips, for it was one of those

days when one could hardly touch a stirrup iron or sabre scabbard without burning one's fingers. I was riding along by the side of the squadron, and I heard an Irishman talking to his comrade.

"Faith, then," said he, "I went into a house in the village, and they were very good people there, for they gave me a whole pailful of wine for three coppers. I couldn't drink it all, but I drank all I could, and then I began again. I drank and drank, and when I couldn't drink any more, I put my head into it and washed myself with it."

I looked at the fellow and saw that he spoke the truth, although the stains of the wine were scarcely darker or redder than the thick coat of tan the Castilian sun had given him. I then rode on and had a hearty laugh by myself. There was something so characteristic in the thing, such a wallowing in a momentary physical enjoyment, not knowing when he might get another chance, such thorough sensuality, something, in short, so very soldier, if I may coin such an adjective.

ANDOAIN ANECDOTE.

The disastrous action at Andoain on the 14th August, 1837, will be still fresh in the memory of many. An attempt made by the Spanish General O'Donnell to establish the Christiano lines farther forward than Hernani, was completely unsuccessful, and after a week's occupation of the new ground taken up, the queen's troops were driven back to their old limits.

It was the opinion of several general officers who had commanded in Guipuzcoa, that from the nature of the country it was not advisable to extend the lines beyond Hernani. O'Donnell, it appears, thought differently, or perhaps he considered it necessary, upon assuming the command at St. Sebastian, to do something that had not hitherto been attempted.

The advance upon Andoain was a mere skirmish, a very pretty one too. The cavalry had nothing to do, and indeed the whole thing had the appearance of being got up for our amusement, as we moved quietly along the road, scarcely ever under fire, and with a fine view of the infantry spread out skirmishing over the fields on either side of us. It was a splendid August morning, not a cloud in the sky, the sun blazing like a monstrous diamond out of its deep rich blue setting.

As we left Hernani and advanced towards the village of Urnieta, to our right rear was the rocky height of Santa Barbara, from the foot of which the artillery began to play, clearing the way for us. The popping of the skirmishers commenced, the little puffs of white smoke rising from behind every tree and bush, the men who fired being frequently invisible until they darted from their shelter, and their dark figures and shining musket-barrels were seen as they scampered across to some fresh cover.

I believe any man who has been in action will testify to the exhilarating feeling produced by the first breezing up of the musketry, the preparatory noise soon to be followed by the rattle of platoon firing, the crash of cavalry, and the thunder of artillery.

On this day, however, the whole thing was limited to a skirmish. There could be little or nothing for cavalry to do in that country, broken and uneven as it was; the ground on either side of the road either rising in steep banks, or sinking down in fields many feet below the level of the causeway, and so cut up by ditches and hedges, that cavalry could not act there. It was scarcely possible for horses to get off the road, which was a tolerably good and broad one.

It was about ten o'clock, if I remember rightly, and the squadron was halted when an aide de camp came galloping up, and asked for thirty men to go forward with him. Thirty men and two officers immediately trotted off. The aide-de camp was a mere lad, and as is sometimes the case with aides de camp, did not appear to have a very distinct notion of what he was going to do with the party now he had got it. On they went, however, at a smart trot, which soon became a canter. Suddenly, on turning a corner, they came in sight of a battalion of grey-coated infantry halted upon the road.

"Out of the way with you!" cried the captain commanding the lancers.

"Calle por la cavaleria!"

And out of the way they went immediately, but not in the manner they were expected to do. There were narrow fields on either side, about five feet below the level of the road, backed by some craggy wooded slopes, and planted with maize, at that season very tall and strong.

Instead of ranging themselves on one side of the road to let the cavalry go by, the infantry all jumped into the fields in most desperate hurry and precipitation. The road was clear in a second, and the lancers rattled past. But as they did so they perceived, to their no small surprise, that the battalion which they had taken for a Christiano one, was composed of Carlists. However, the *elan* was given, and on they went.

On the road in front of them, not a hundred yards further, was the Carlist General Gubelalde (*el Boracho*, as they called him, from his addiction, real or alleged, to the wine-skin), with his staff, and a small escort of cavalry. As soon as they saw our fellows dashing at them, they scuttled away as hard as they could up a sort of cross road. If the handful of lancers had been supported, they might have followed, and perhaps caught them; but as it was, they were then three-quarters of a mile from their own friends, and with a battalion of the enemy in their rear. So "Three about," was the word, and back they went, running the gauntlet through the Carlists, who treated them to an ill-directed, scolding sort of volley as they passed, wounding half a dozen horses, and a man or two, but bringing no one to the ground. There was no getting at them amongst the maize and rocks, and trees where they had sheltered themselves, even supposing the lancers had been more numerous. Only one fellow, bolder than the rest, and who stood rather too near the road, was caught by the sergeant-major (a sort of young giant, six foot two, with arms like a windmill), who leant over as he passed, and dealt him a sabre cut across the face, that gave him a very open expression of countenance.

The same afternoon we entered Andoain, which is, or then was, a wretched sort of village, and took up the quarters that the Carlists had left that morning. The inhabitants had deserted the place, and taken away even their furniture, with the exception of a few broken benches, and things not worth removing. On the other hand, they had left us a great abundance of living creatures, which we could very well have dispensed with. I established myself with the two other officers belonging to the same troop, in a sort of loft over a stable. We managed to get some clean straw for a bed, a form to sit upon, and a cask for a table.

We should have much preferred bivouacking, especially at that fine time of the year, as we should then have escaped the battalions of *pulgars* and *chanchos*, who used to dispute our quarters with us night after night. We were shockingly off for rations too; there was a great scarcity somehow just at that time, and all we got during the week we remained at Andoain was *bacallao*, or dried salt fish, the which, not being very well provided with cooking implements, we used generally to eat, grilled over the fire, and rather thirsty diet we found it. There were so many troops at Hernani, that scarcely anything was to be bought;

there, and St. Sebastian was too far to send to, so we got on as well as we could, living, as it were, upon suction, smoke, and liquids.

The engineers, and sappers and miners, had been busy fortifying Andosin since the very day we entered it. The Carlists, meantime, sent for reinforcements, which arrived on the night of the 13th of August, and on the morning of the 14th they opened several guns upon the town, and made a vigorous attack on the left of our line. A battalion of the Princessa regiment, composed entirely of recruits, and badly officered, gave way almost immediately, and the Carlists turned our position. The panic spread; other battalions took to their heels, and the rout became complete.

The handful of British infantry, which was stationed in Andosin itself, in the centre of the line, was cut off, and only a small portion of it escaped. Our squadron was hard at work the whole day, covering the retreat on the road, and getting handsomely peppered by the Carlists from the neighboring hills and hedges. We saved the artillery, however, and enabled much of the infantry to escape, which would otherwise have been cut to pieces, and when the thing was over, and the division rallied under the guns of Hernani, O'Donnell came up and thanked us for the services we had rendered.

There were some narrow escapes that day. O'Donnell himself was at one time in a lane alone and dismounted, and actually surrounded by the Carlists, when a party of lancers charged up and rescued him. One officer escaped from the massacre of the English infantry in the town, by slipping the knot of his sash, which a chapelchurrie had hold of. He then took to his heels, and being an active fellow, got away, though hotly pursued.

About a dozen English officers finding escape impossible, and knowing that no mercy was to be expected from the Carlists, fought side by side till they were all killed. But the most melancholy fate was that of an intimate of my own, who, after receiving five wounds when taking the Windmill battery at St. Sebastian on the 5th of May, '36, had gone home to England to get cured, and again returned to have another rap at the Carlists, as he expressed it. He was a merry fellow, and most amusing companion, and only the day before his death he had been making a number of us laugh outrageously at his jokes and eccentric conceits.

One of his wounds had been in the left elbow, and had caused a permanent stiffness of that arm, which prevented him from using it much, or from swinging it when walking. He usually wore it suspended in a black ribbon. On the day of the rout at Andosin, he and another officer got clear of the town, and were making their way along a line of hills which lay considerably to the right of the road. The Carlists pursued them, and poor C.'s stiff arm embarrassing him in running, he soon found that he was losing ground. His pluck kept him up, however, and even at that critical moment he made his companion smile by some funny remark on their different manner of entering and leaving Andosin. At last, however, he got so fatigued, that he swore he would go no farther.

"Oh, nonsense, C.!" cried his comrade, "for God's sake exert yourself!"

And he took his arm to try to help him forward. The chapelchurries were gaining on them, their wild shouts and Basque oaths were heard nearer and nearer each moment. After struggling on for a few yards,

"I go no farther," said C., resolutely. "Take care of yourself, my boy, it's all up with me."

And he seated himself quietly on a piece of rock. His companion made a last effort to get him on, but in vain, and he was obliged to leave him, for he could render him no assistance, and to stay was certain death. He resumed his flight, but had not gone far when he heard a scream of agony from poor C. The Carlists had come up, and were thrusting their bayonets into him without taking much care to seek a vital part. Their cruelty that day was great, and not a single English prisoner found quarter at their hands.

POPULARITY OF ESPARTERO WITH THE ARMY.

No general was ever more popular with his soldiers than the Duke of Victoria. Their recent defection proves nothing to the contrary, for the majority of the army were deceived by the representations of their officers, and totally unaware that they were acting against their old general.

The officers were seduced by the money poured into Spain during the last three or four months, and employed to bribe them in the form of arrears of pay paid or promised on condition of their defection. The penury and privations of the Spanish officers, owing to irregular payment, and the laxity of principle engendered by frequent changes and revolutions, must be borne in mind to account for such corruption.

A constant attention to the soldiers' comforts as far as circumstances would permit, a frank manner and generous nature, and headlong personal courage, were the qualities that made Espartero so popular with those he commanded.

I recollect on the first day of the combat of Arlaban, in May, 1836, the army under Cordova, then commanding-in-chief, was formed up soon after daybreak, on the plain outside Salvatierra de Aiva. There were, perhaps, fifteen thousand men of all arms collected together. Presently Cordova, who had passed the night at Salvatierra, came on the field, attended by a numerous and brilliant staff, and took his station on the top of a small rising ground. He was received in silence. A minute later, Espartero, who, if my memory serves me, was then only brigadier, came galloping up with his little oilskin-covered cocked hat on his head, and two or three aides-de-camp behind him. As soon as he appeared, "Viva Espartero!" ran along the line, and such a cheer was given by the troops, as must have done his heart good to hear.

It seldom happens that generals or statesmen have justice done them by their contemporaries, and doubly difficult does it become to form a correct judgment of the merits or demerits of a man, whose path has lain amid the chaos of conflicting parties and events, that for the last nine years has existed in Spain. But when the lapse of time has thrown a clearer light on the history of that period of civil war and revolution, I am convinced it will be found that no man has displayed more honesty of purpose, greater disinterestedness, or a more real desire for the welfare of his country, than the one whom intrigue and faction have so recently driven forth an exile. Whether as Regent of Spain, or as a private individual, where brave and honest men are exalted, a high place will be kept for Baldomero Espartero. Colburn's New Monthly, for Nov.

ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

A PANTOMIME TRICK.

Elliston ever took great delight in pantomime. He was of opinion with Leigh Hunt that "not to like pantomimes is not to like animal spirits"—"that he who says he does not like a pantomime either says what he does not think, or is not so wise as he fancies himself, and should go to the mill to get ground young again."

In the concoction of his pantomimes Elliston was used to become once again a boy, he always would have a finger in the Christmas pie, suggesting some

comic scene, or giving a hint for a trick, &c. &c. It was while musing over these matters of motley, that a pantomime scene once really occurred to himself, which the narrator has often heard him relate with great glee, and will repeat.

As it has been remarked before, the great lessee was partial to buying bargains. There was no spot so forbidding, or obscure that he would not drive into it if he thought he could pick up anything cheap. Of course, as has been shown, he generally got bit in his purchase, but this did not check his love of accumulation on easy terms.

One Christmas, while occupied in producing the pantomime usual to that festive season, at Drury-lane Theatre, business led him in his way to Newgate-street, to pass the silvan regions of Field-lane at the bottom of Holborn-hill, celebrated for its translated understandings, that is, second-hand shoes, orphan fogles (stolen handkerchiefs), and lost property of every description retailed under the especial superintendence of a select tribe of the chosen people.

The entrance to this far-famed repository looked so mysterious and tempting, that though at that time deeply intent as he was on giving birth to some choice piece of merriment for his Christmas revels, having promised his Harlequin (Howell), and his Clown and Pataloon (Signor Paulo and T. Blanchard), that he would write a scene for them, he could not resist making a plunge into its shady depths. *Facilis descensus averni*, says Virgil, and certainly not more difficult is the gentle declivity of Field-lane. Our manager had no sooner entered this sacred spot, than a thousand odours arose to greet his astonished olfactories, the otto of old shoes and fried fish, and the fusty exhalation streaming from unnumbered handkerchiefs of every size, sort, and colour, giving the exterior of some of the shops of the worthies of the place where they were exhibited very much the appearance of a vessel decorated with the colours of different nations on the day of a launch.

Pushing his way through this precious Babel, forgetting awhile his pantomime, and deaf to the voice of the barkers, casting furtive glances on each side as he went, in the hope of discovering some "unconsidered trifle," Elliston proceeded onwards, till an article hanging outside the front of the dingy depot of one of the bandana merchants, as the receivers of the pickings of many pockets are termed, attracting his attention, he made a pause. In a moment the owner of the emporium darted out like a spider from a corner of its web, hastening to seize a new caught bluebottle, and seizing him by the buttonhole, exclaimed,

"Van a good vipe or a fogle, my dear! Can let you have von vorth your monish, pettersh den new, all Injee, real Darners and no mistake."

"I certainly do want a bandana, my friend, if that's what you mean," said Elliston, smiling at the man's mistake. "There is one I see hanging up there—that one with the coloured squares, like a harlequin's jacket I mean. I should like to look at that, it has taken my fancy."

"Of course it has, my dear," replied the man; "it would take any body's fancy dat would. Dat's a regular beauty, dat is. Only feel it," taking it down.

"Don't be afeard on it, my dear; take it in your hand and veigh it. Why it veighs more dan all the monish dat I charges for it."

"And how much is that, my friend?" asked Elliston.

"Tree and sixpence, every farden, and it cost me four shillings from de manufacture; besides vitch, hark ye, my dear," whispering in his ear, "it's a smuggled von, and of course vorth double the monish."

"Well, well," said Elliston, to whom the recommendation of its being smuggled one had an irresistible charm, "as it gives me an idea for a trick, say three shillings and it's a bargain."

"I couldn't, my dear; it cost me more. Here, Rachel, my love," calling to his daughter, "can I take tree shillings for dis here handkerchief vot the gentleman vants to make a arlekin's jacket on? Vid a few sprangles, it vil do beautiful."

A very good looking, laughing, black-eyed girl here suddenly made her appearance from the back premises.—Robert William could not in the obscurity discover how or from where. To her the comedian, as was usual with him, gave one of his irresistible winks which elicited a pleased giggle in return, and after examining the handkerchief she pronounced it as her opinion that her father could take the money.

"Vell, vell, my dear," said the man, "you does just vot you like vid me Dere you see, sir, just exactly as it comes from de wessel—never vos marked—take care on it."

"Ay, ay," said Elliston, "mush't have any tricks upon travellers with this, though it is a pantomime fogle, as you call it."

Here he laughed at his own conceit.

"Oh, no, in course not," returned the man, significantly joining in the manager's risibility; "I sees you are up to snuff, my dear."

Safely depositing the handkerchief in his coat-pocket, Elliston proceeded to retrace his steps into Holborn; but before he had reached the top, a sudden titillation of his nasal organ reminded him of his new purchase; but what was his astonishment when, on putting his hand into his pocket to task its services, he found it gone.

"Ah!" said he, in the words of Othello, his mind misgiving him, "is't lost, is't gone? The handkerchief! the handkerchief!"

What could have become of it? He must have left it behind him on the man's counter;—the thing was clear, and he hurried back, thinking he might possibly secure it, ere the man perhaps had seen it. Taking two steps for one he speedily regained the domicile of the man of bandanas.

"I left my handkerchief behind me," he said.

"Vot?" said the man.

"I left my handkerchief behind me, I tell you. The handkerchief I bought of you."

"Did you?" inquired the man; "where is it then? It isn't here."

They looked about everywhere, it was not to be seen.

"Very odd," said Elliston. "Then I must have lost it! That handkerchief did an Egyptian to my mother give." "To lose or give't away were such perdition as nothing else could match."

"Only tink of dat now, but I shouldn't vonder as you says—there is not a doubt of it. Here, Rachel, my dear, the gentleman's lost his vipe;" again calling to his daughter.

"I shouldn't so much have minded," said Elliston, disconcerted, "but I'd set my heart upon that handkerchief; I wouldn't have lost it for double the money."

"Wouldn't you?" said the man. "Oh den I dare say we can find you another, de fellow to it. Dere's dat von dere," pointing to the place from whence he had taken the other.

Elliston looked up, and to his great surprise saw what appeared to be the apparition of the very identical handkerchief he had just lost, hanging up in the very same place that had been occupied by his former purchase.

"You can have dat, if you likes it," said the man, "and for de very same money, too," taking it down.

"The same money," said Elliston, examining it, "why it's the same handkerchief!"

"Is it? vell dat is curious!" said the man, "but now you mentions it, hang me if I didn't think so ven I bought it, and dat's vot made me give the chap as sold it to me a bender more for it den I should have done. I'm a Christain, said I, if I don't tink it's the very same handkerchief as I sould the gentleman just now; but as the chap vot I bought if of vos an old customer, I didn't like to hurt his honour by axing any questions. Here, Rachel, my dear, it's the very same handkerchief as I sould the gentleman, vot I bought just now. I told you, you know, my dear," to Elliston, "to take care it didn't play you any tricks, it being a Arliken one."

"There's your money," said Elliston, somewhat disconcerted, though he could not help smiling at the cool cunning of the fellow, "I'll take care how I lose it a second time. It shan't make it's way from my pocket to your shop-window in a hurry again, if I know it; but as it is I shan't quite lose my money, for it has given me an idea I would willingly have paid a guinea for, so I shall have bought a bargain after all!"

The result of this experience of Elliston in the pantomime tricks of Field-lane, was the well-known old clothes-shop scene in the pantomime of that year, wherein the clown and pantaloon, to their great stultification purchased the same handkerchiefs at least half a dozen times over, the said handkerchiefs each time, at a wave of the harlequin's wand flying from their pockets to the place from whence they had been taken, in front of the clothes shop, and when the motley worthies, subsequently in a rage, drag out the vender to wreak their vengeance on him for his double dealing, they find him to their horror come to pieces in the scuffle, literally turning out to be a bundle of old clothes!

ELLISTON'S LOYALTY.

Whether from the early patronage of George III. at Windsor, and the subsequent favour of that venerable monarch and his august family at Weymouth and Frogmore, or from any congenial love of sway or reigning passion for power, Elliston was ever very loyal; he was, in fact, devoted to royalty.

Green-room gossip relates of him, that on one occasion when George IV. had commanded "The Hypocrite" and "Monsieur Tonson" at Drury Lane, Elliston and his stage-manager, in order to prime themselves properly to receive the monarch on his arrival with all honour, as is customary, filled and emptied so many "bumpers of Burgundy" to the health of "the King, God bless him," that their heads soon became the heaviest part about them. While in this situation the monarch duly arrived, and they hastened to enter on their office of lighting and bowing the Majesty of England into his box, dressed, according to custom, in a court dress, with bag wigs and swords, bearing waxen lights in the best stage candlesticks. Thus accoutred, they proceeded, crab-like, backwards before royalty, bowing at every step—the genuflections consequent on their symposium passing unnoticed amid the bobblings of ceremony. Thus they proceeded very well till they reached the entrance of the little private ante-room attached to the royal box, when not remembering the slight descent occasioned by a small step downwards, they suddenly lost their equilibrium, and stumbling backwards, fell prostrate, one on the other.

The monarch, asserts the *on dit*, was convulsed with laughter at the spectacle of the recumbent managers; and the royal pages, equerries, and lords in waiting, tittered as heartily as court etiquette would permit. Elliston alone was not discomposed. Regaining his centre of gravity, he bowed very reverently to the sovereign, and thus delivered himself.

"I feel assured, sire, your majesty will graciously excuse this accidental falling off in the performance of my duty. Who is there that would not gladly fall in the service of the sovereign? But however *mal à propos* this little *faux pas*, it has at least shown, that though I may fall for, I can never turn my back upon my king."

"Very good, Elliston," said the monarch, laughing good humouredly, "very good—loyal to the back-bone—all right!"

"Yes, sire," continued the comedian, encouraged by the monarch's gracious condescension, "your majesty will make allowance. You know, in your own royal person, sire, how easily in moments of elevation, when the spirits are at their height, and joy is at its acme, mortality may be overcome."

Here he fixed his twinkling glance on the monarch, which was ever irresistible. Again the king laughed.

"Ay, ay," said he, Elliston, bad thing to have too much spirits—odd elevation measuring the floor—awkward game all-fours—fine house though, fine house—let the play begin—take care of the step next time though, Elliston."

Although Elliston was not, as it had been erroneously asserted, a practical musician, and could not play a note on any instrument, he was an impassioned lover of music; but of all tunes, the National Anthem was his great favourite.

Whenever the theatre was reopened, it was with "God save the King," and with "God save the King" was each season closed. Every royal birth, marriage, visit, &c., was signalized by the performance of "God save the King." Every great victory or memorable public event was hailed with "God save the King." A riot could not be quelled before the curtain, nor a triumph obtained behind it, without "God save the King." In fact, "God save the King" was Elliston's sure resource, and firm ally on every occasion; yet it sometimes led him into ludicrous consequences. Take as an example, the following whimsical scene which occurred at the Surrey:

In the year 1830, when the excitement occasioned by the discussion on the Reform Bill was at its height, Elliston was lessee, for the second time, of the Surrey Theatre. It happened on the particular evening of the passing this bill, that the lessee not having to perform in the first piece, had dressed earlier than was usual as *Falstaff*, in the *tableau vivant* of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," in the narrator's little drama, "Shakspeare's Festival;" that part in which he is disguised as *Herne the Hunter*, wearing a huge pair of Horns upon his head.

When the news arrived, Robert William hastened, dressed as he was, to inform the audience of this great public event in one of his best speeches; there was of course a universal cry for "God save the King."

"You shall have 'God save the King,' ladies and gentlemen," said he, proudly; "but as the major part of my company are now dressing for the pageant of 'Shakspeare's Festival,' wherein they are to represent all the principal characters in our immortal bard's plays, you must be content with my singing the first verse of our great National Anthem, solo. No doubt before it's conclusion, many members of the company will have finished dressing, and will attend the prompter's summons, and join me with heart and voice. Strike up, band."

Here, horns on head, he accordingly began with much solemnity the first

verse. Having got through it without any one joining him, he recommenced it, but had scarcely sung the opening line, when Dikken Pitt rushed on as the *Ghost of the King* in "Hamlet," and made a duet of it with him, by bellowing out,

Long live our noble king.

Asbury, then stalking on as the *Starred Apothecary* in "Romeo and Juliet," with a phial of poison, squeaked out,

Send him victorious!

To which Warwick, who had entered as *Mad Tom* in "King Lear," crowned with a wisp of straw, immediately added,

Happy and glorious!

"Long," cried one of the Hortons, tripping on as *Ariel* in the "Tempest,"

Long to reign over us!

All the party then bursting out in full chorus with

God save the King!

Mrs. Vale, hobbling on as one of the *Witches* in "Macbeth," with her broom, led off the second verse in capital style. She was ably supported by Robert William, who, with renewed energy, bawled out,

Scatter his enemies—

And make them fall!

cried Buckingham, sidling on as *Touchstone* in "As You Like It," and flourishing his fool's bauble very comically.

Confound their politics!

said Harry Kemble, entering at this moment as *Othello*, and singing with so much loyalty, that he would have been literally black in the face, even if he had not been already coloured.

Frustrate their knavish tricks!

said Osbaldiston, making his entrance as *Richard III.*

"The king's name is a tower of strength," whispered Elliston, exultingly, and again they all joined in,

Long live the King!

Elliston, horns and all, triumphantly maintaining his position in the centre, supported on either side by the different characters, now commenced the third verse, chanting with might and main, when their forces were augmented by the services of Miss Rumens, as *Juliet's Nurse*,—for Elliston had insisted on every one bearing a bob on this great occasion.

The choicest gifts in store!

screamed this lady.

On him be pleased to pour,

growled out poor Noah Yardly, with his deep bass voice, as *Calaban*, finished by Gough, as *Cardinal Wolsey*, in "Henry VIII.," with

Long may he reign,

again taken up in grand chorus.

May he defend our laws,

here sung those sirens, the Misses Somerville and Vincent, entering as *Chatterine* and *Rosilind*.

And ever give us cause,

mumbled old Williams, better known as Scotch Williams, shuffling on as *Shylock*, with his knife and scales.

To sing with heart and voice,

brayed out Vale, popping on at this moment, to crown the whole, as *Bottom*, with the ass's head, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Long live the King!

This last appearance completely upset the gravity of the audience, and excited the risibility even of the performers. A shout of laughter at the odd ludicrousness of their situation, burst from the whole house, in which the great Robert William himself, in spite of his loyalty, deigned to join. The orchestra, too, could not help accompanying the audience and actors in the general exclamation, and the curtain fell amid peals of hearty guffaws, and cries of "Bravo! bravo!"

The memory of the singular spectacle of this evening, will long be retained by those frequenters of the Surrey Theatre who happened to be present at it.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING FOR 1844.

London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

The approach of Christmas is indicated by the annual bloom of this species of publication, intended for kindly remembrances, to those we love, of recurring seasons. "On the present occasion," as post-prandial orators are in the habit of saying, Mr. Leitch Ritchie, the editor, has acquitted himself with his usual taste and skill, producing, with a few exceptions, a general medley of literature and art, verse and prose, "sentiment and mirth," fit for an offering of friendship, and a pleasant recreation to the mind and eye. The volume is on larger paper than heretofore; and in a soberly rich binding, which we like much. The embellishments, including title-page, consist of ten engravings and twenty-five woodcuts. Turning to the letter-press, many popular names occur in union with that of the editor, such as Barry Cornwall, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mrs. V. Bartholomew, Miss Camilla Toulmin (a sweet poetess of rising repute), Lady E. S. Wortley, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, Capt. Bellew, Mrs. C. Baron Wilson, and her poetical daughter Florence, Mrs. James Gray (late Miss A. Brown), Miss E. Youatt, Mr. M. F. Tupper, Mrs. Abdy, &c. &c., besides initials, including a posthumous page by L. E. L., and some striking compositions by J. R. of Christ Church, Oxford.

Dr. Mackenzie's anecdotes of second sight, and two or three brief poetic contributions, will furnish us with all we think it necessary to add.

A few years ago, in the Scottish highlands, the chapter of accident threw me into chance companionship with a gentleman, in whose society a wet evening passed on pleasantly and rapidly, with conversation upon almost every subject, and at length naturally turned to 'the second sight,' which even yet is claimed for a few Scottish families,—those of indisputable Celtic descent. It was not until he was that I possessed some hereditary respect for the superstition in question, that I could get my companion to discuss it with the freedom which had characterised our previous discourse upon other topics. In my own family, 'a d he, 'the second sight' has been held from time immemorial. In other Scottish families—that is, in the few which also possess this prophetic vision—the gift has descended from father to son: in ours, from a circumstance which it would be tedious to relate, it has been delivered from grandfather to grandson, there being a lapse between its exercise by the respective parties. Thus, supposing that your grandfather possessed this gift, it would not descend to you

during the life of your father, though he would be wholly out of the line of succession."

Of the instances we select the following :

"My grandfather, who resided near Culoden Moor, had taken a wife shortly before the Jacobite outbreak in 1745. On the morning before the battle, he sat down to breakfast with such a grave countenance, that his bride was induced to inquire what had happened to gloom it. He attempted to evade the inquiry which her womanly curiosity or her bridal affection made, but confessed at length that he had seen the shadow of coming evil—that, in short, he had beheld by anticipation a bloody fight, and the downfall of the Chevalier's cause. I should tell you that my grandfather was an adherent of the Stuarts, and the head of our clan had forfeited an earldom and estate, and had narrowly escaped with life, on account of his active participation in the rebellion of 1745. 'But,' he added, 'I saw also, my Isabella, that we shall this evening receive a gallant and royal leader under our roof. It can be no other than the Prince; and it behoves you to make the best preparation for him.' In Scotland at the time the wife's motto was, to hear and to obey; and she who was thus spoken to hastened to put her house in order, and make it ready for the reception of the visioned guest. A few minutes before midnight, the tramp of cavalry was heard approaching. It came near—nearer. It paused at my grandfather's gate. A loud knocking summoned the inmates, and they received a royal leader, as had been anticipated, but not exactly him whom they had expected. Instead of bonny Prince Charlie, it was the burly Duke of Cumberland! 'That,' said I, 'was somewhat of a disappointment?' 'It was. The Duke sat up during the greater part of the night, and snatched an hour's sleep on the bed, without taking off his clothes. He quitted the house at daybreak, and asked the loan of a snuff-box as he went away. The worst in the place, namely, a common Scotch mull, was handed him; for, sooth to say, independent of my grandfather's sympathies being with the Stuarts, he never expected to see his box again. Two or three days after the battle, however, a soldier rode up to the house, inquired for its occupant by name, and restored him the mull 'with the duke's compliments and thanks.' That evening, when it was accidentally opened, it was found to be filled with gold. In this manner had the duke chosen to make his acknowledgement for the night's lodging which had been unwillingly afforded him. The box, thus honoured by having been in the Duke of Cumberland's pocket during the eventful day of Culoden, was long preserved in our family as a sort of heir-loom, and if you have the slightest curiosity, you can see it now.' In compliance with my desire, the box was produced. It was a very plain mull, without the slightest ornament except a small silver shield on the cover, and a slight rim of the same material round the top."—"According to what is understood to be the usual custom," said he, 'the faculty of which I spoke descends from grandsire to grandson, passing over the entire intermediate descendants. None of my grandfather's sons, therefore, could expect to be endowed with it, and, of his many grandsons, there appeared little chance that I—born, too, out of Scotland, and from a Saxon mother—should inherit it. Least of all, at any rate, did such an idea cross my own mind for a moment. I was in my fourteenth year, and had proceeded to spend my school-vacation with a relative in the country. My father, when I left him, was in the enjoyment of that rude health which always distinguished him, and made him then, though in his sixtieth year, a much stronger man than many who were his juniors by ten or fifteen years. A few weeks passed pleasantly on, and all accounts from home were satisfactory. I well remember that, one morning, I happened to sit alone—If I can say I was alone with one of Scott's novels in my hand—when, happening to raise my eyes towards the fire-place, over which was placed a large mirror, I saw my father standing by it, with his arm resting on the chimney-piece. My first impulse was to jump from my chair, throw aside my book, and hastily advance to my father. He did not stir, and his eyes, as they looked at another object, appeared dull and glassy. I had scarcely taken a second step forward, when I noticed that I could see into the mirror, through my father, and that he cast no shadow upon the glass. Instantly the thought rushed into my mind that in this there was something unnatural. My advancing steps were suddenly arrested, and horror struck through my frame. I remember nothing more, except that, late in the day, I found myself in bed; and was told by one of my cousins that I had been taken with a fit of some kind, for I had been found senseless on the floor, and that the medical gentleman who had seen me had bled me. I could not resist the impulse, even at the risk of being laughed at, to whisper to my gentle cousin the cause of my sudden illness. On the third day after, a letter from home told me that, at the precise time I saw what I believed was my father, he had died. He had been visited by a sudden ailment, which rapidly terminated in his death. Why this should have occurred—for it did occur, as certainly as I am now telling it to you—I am unable to explain. I only relate a simple fact, which neither time, charge, nor circumstance can obliterate from my memory."

"The Soldier's Bride, by L. E. L.

"The white plume was upon his head,
The spur upon his heel,
The trumpet rang upon his ear
With a note the dead might feel.
Before him lay a gallant host,
His own, his banner'd line,
Where from a thousand silver shields
Flash'd back the morning's shine.
He sat upon his raven steed
As a proud ship curbs the deep;
One instant yet he rein'd his horse—
He heard his lady weep.
'What, weepst thou, lady mine?' he said,
'And thou a soldier's bride!
Dearer should be his fame than aught
In the whole world beside.'
'Away!' she cried; 'these are not tears
That fall for thee or me—
I weep our infant boy, too young
To fight or follow thee!'"

From the "Battle of Montenotte," by J. R. :

"Hark, hark! the hollow Apennine
Laughs in his heart afar:
Through all his vales he drinks like wine
The deepening draught of war;
For not with doubtful burst, or slow,
That thunder shakes his breathless snow,
But ceaseless rends, with rattling stroke,
The veils of white volcano-smoke
That o'er Legino's ridges rest,
And writhe in Meria's vale;

There lifts the Frank his triple crest,
Crown'd with its plumage pale,
Though, clogg'd and dy'd with stains of death,
It scarce obeys the tempest's breath,
And darker still, and deadlier press
The war-clouds on its weariness.
Far by the bright Bormida's banks,
The Austrian cheers his chosen ranks,
In ponderous waves, that, where they check,
Rise o'er their own tumultuous wreck,
Recoiling, crashing, gathering still
In rage around that island hill,
Where stand the moveless few—
Few—fewer as the moments flit;
Though shaft and shell their columns split
As morning melts the dew,
Though narrower yet their guarding grows,
And hot the heaps of carnage close,
In death's faint shade and fiery shock
They stand, one ridge of living rock,
Which steel may rend, and wave may wear,
And bolt may crush, and blast may tear,
But none can strike from its abiding.
The flood, the flash, the steel, may bear
Perchance destruction—not despair,
And death—but not dividing.
What matter? while their ground they keep.
Though here a column, there an heap,
Though these in wrath and those in sleep,
If all are there."

THE MASTER-PASSION: A TALE OF CHAMOUNI.

BY T. C. GRATTAN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS."

CHAP. VI.

It will be remembered that as soon as poor Correyeur and his wife left Balmat's house after the fruitless attempt to acquire tidings of their missing child, he who so brutally repulsed their entreaties for information also disappeared from the scene. It need hardly be stated that he had set out by a circuitous path on a visit to his little prisoner. He had effected his object of leaving no proof in the hands of her parents of her being concealed by him, or that he shrank from a prompt and minute search.

While he took his upward way through the wood on the road to Montanvert, and was soon lost to the eyes of the most inquisitive or suspicious of his neighbours, the unhappy parents, baffled in their best chance of success, had repaired to the village magistrate, detailed their misfortune, and loudly demanded inquiry, assistance, and, if possible, redress. All that could be granted them was granted, namely, a summons for the appearance of old Jeannette, with the men employed about Balmat's mill, and subsequently a strict search on the premises. This order was instantly obeyed, but the examination, which was forthwith proceeded in, produced no result. The men evidently knew nothing of their master's doings, and the old woman explained her somewhat doubtful expression to Correyeur, by the very natural and laudable feeling of a wish to give him at least the consolation of hope.

In the mean time the report of Julie's disappearance had spread through the village, and reached the post-office. The attention of the antiquated female functionary who did the internal duties of that important branch of administration was thus drawn to the billet found in the box, to Correyeur's address. On ordinary occasions it might and would have lain for days unheeded in the narrow recipient of mountain correspondence; but the good-nature of the woman overcame the indifference of the postmistress, and the old hobbling letter carrier was despatched with the document that promised a chance of relief to the afflicted father and mother.

This announcement of her safety, in Julie's well-known handwriting, was indeed a world of comfort to her parents, and the strange fact of her favourite goat having also disappeared, seemed to carry conviction that both were somewhere together, and that not in a very distant retreat. None imagined the possibility of their both being a league up in the mountain. And so the matter rested for a while, speculation and cogitation utterly failing to throw any decided light on the truth.

When Balmat reached the chalet, which was during the magisterial inquiry just mentioned, he found every thing as he had left it a few hours before, except that the sun now lighted up with all its splendour the gray and misty beauties of the morning landscape. The goat browsed patiently in the rich herbage, and no sound save the murmuring of the rock-formed cataracts broke the stillness of the scene.

Gabriel peeped once more through the window-bars, and found that Julie still slept. Gently loosing the string which bound the goat, and unlatching the door of the hut, he let the animal walk in, and he watched the effect. It began at first to toss about the leafy and mossy carpet, and to nibble at some of its most tender materials, but in a few minutes it came up to the couch, and (whether it recognised its young mistress or not is beyond the reach of our philosophy) it instantly set up its wonted note of tremulous bleating, standing close to the object which its voice seemed calling into consciousness.

Julie suddenly started up, rubbed her eyes with both hands, looked round and round the chamber, fixed her gaze for a moment on the window, then let it fall on the still bleating animal, which she as instantly embraced with animated delight, while it licked her face, and returned her caresses with a thousand grotesque yet affectionate gambols.

Julie next arose from her reclining posture, and Balmat as instantly retired, to allow her an opportunity of arranging her simple toilet unmolestedly; and as he walked aside, he threw up his eyes and hands in wonder—not at the familiar objects of romantic grandeur which surrounded the scene, but at the amazing change in his own nature, which had never till then known a seeking of kindness nor a sentiment of delicacy.

In a little while Julie was out on the green sward which surrounded the hut, and she ran affectionately towards Balmat, followed by her recovered favourite, and with looks beaming with gratitude she thanked him again and again for the kindness he had done her. She inquired how he managed to bring the goat so long and so difficult a road. Balmat replied that to come to those one loved such obstacles were as nothing; and though his answer was meant to apply to the animal, Julie did not fail to attach its meaning to Gabriel himself. She took it for granted that he had seen her parents and obtained the goat with their consent, for she never dreamt of the fact of his stolen expedition, and the double journey he had made since supper-time. He admitted his having seen her father and mother, assured her that her letter had quite satisfied them about her,

and shuffled over her other questionings—thus mingling truth, lies, and equivocation all together.

"And now, Julie, you must think of your housekeeping," said Balmat, turning from her homeward theme. "While you milk the goat, I will make the fire. Here is a packet of coffee which I have brought with me, and a few fresh laid eggs which I picked up in my own hen-house; so that with the bread and butter, cheese and honey, in store within, I think we shall make a breakfast that the syndic of Sallenche might envy us."

In a few minutes more the division of labour thus suggested was acted on, and in due time they prepared and finished their repast with a gusto only known to the inhabitants or visitors of high regions, and the possessors of high spirits. A walk into the deep recesses of the glen was next proposed by Balmat, and gladly acceded to by Julie, for she longed to explore the beauties of the place, which she had as yet scarcely seen, except in the brilliant yet vague glimpses of the moon.

They wandered along, and rambled about, and talked in a desultory manner of many subjects, all of them nearly as new to one as the other. They were in many points on a par of very strange equality. It is custom alone which gives manhood the superiority over childhood in matters of taste and feeling. The full-grown inexperience of Gabriel, who had never known the advantages of reciprocated sympathy, reduced him quite to the level of his companion's girlish tone of reasoning on every topic beyond the mere material occupations in which his life had been passed; while the animation of her more lively intellect actually took the lead in many points of the conversation, which turned chiefly on the nature of the new-formed and anomalous friendship which had so marvellously sprung up between them. And thus their talk was like that of two young and uninformed tyros, rather than the converse of a pair whose disparity of years and difference of sex were in keeping with their widely discrepant characters. They interchanged ideas, and mingled comments, and bandied questions and answers, with a total absence of the timidity of ignorance on one hand, and the assumption of knowledge on the other; maturity and childhood met each other half way, and that morning's conversation possessed all the springy freshness and pure vivacity of youth and innocence.

Balmat's constant exercise, and total want of rest for the previous four-and-twenty hours, had at length tired out even his robust frame, and his mental excitement during that period called also for repose. So, after wandering for an hour or more, he sat down on a tufted bed of wild thyme, in the shadow of a granite block, with Julie by his side, her apron filled with many varieties of bright and fragrant flowers, heretofore unknown to her comparatively lowland experience.

"And now you will keep your last night's promise," said she, carelessly tossing her floral treasures about, and archly looking up at her murky-countenanced companion; "you will now tell me why you brought me here, and how long you mean me to remain, and what I am to do in this beautiful desert."

"Certainly, I will tell you all that," replied Balmat, with a smile which changed the expression of his face into something like good looks; "and I hope you will quite understand me, my dear little Julie. Now, in the first place you know very well that every one in the world—except yourself, perhaps—hates me; and I must confess, in the next place, that I hate every one—but you, Julie. I am just lately—ever since the day your little brother fell into the river—thinking that it is a terrible thing not to love some one or other, and to have nobody that really loves me. I therefore have encouraged rather than repressed that fancy which I took for you so suddenly. I have found myself gradually, day by day, liking you better and better; and in proportion as I liked you better, I seemed to like myself better—but every body else in the world worse and worse. There is something within me, Julie, that won't let me scatter my goodnature about the world upon every one, as the wind blows the flowers and buds in all directions. It is more like the sun fixing its beams in this little glen—and—and—"

"Yes, Monsieur Balmat; but the sun shines upon the mountains and valleys also," said Julie, completely demolishing Gabriel's already broken metaphor.

"Well, that was not exactly what I meant," said he, somewhat abruptly, and in a self-dissatisfied tone. "What I mean is that my feelings, such as they are, are of a fixed and positive kind, and that I can't bear to like more than one person, and that now that I find I can like one, I am capable of going any lengths in my love for that one."

"And I am that one?" asked Julie, putting her hand on Balmat's.

"Yes, on my sacred word, Julie, you are, and there is nothing I wouldn't do for your happiness," replied he, taking up the little hand in his own coarse one, and putting it to his lips; but astonished at this stretch of gallantry he laid it down softly again beside him, without kissing it.

"Well, then," said Julie, briskly, "come with me now directly to our mill, and make friends with my father."

"No, Julie, no, I cannot do that; that is to say, not all at once. You must give me time. The first thing to be sure of is your affection for me. If I can secure that I am afraid I must come to better terms with your father and mother. That is the worst of it; but I have made up my mind for even that."

"Then why didn't you at once shake hands with them weeks ago, and come to see us every day at the mill, and make us all happy? Surely that would have been the best way for all our sakes, instead of giving yourself the great trouble you have done here."

"Julie, I never could have brought myself to visit your father on the mere chance of making you like me. My pride would not let me expose my weakness before him and the rest of your family. Besides, you would not have liked me there. You would have seen in me nothing but my bad qualities. But here I have you all to myself. You have a proof in all I have done here how very much I must love you; and by being here alone with me you may in a little time find out whether you can really like me, and how much."

"Well, but after all I must by and by know you mixing with other people. We cannot always live alone in this wild place."

"Not here, Julie. But I have a notion that we might find a place still more lonely, though a great deal larger than this, far off, away beyond the mountains and beyond the sea, in a strange country, where we should meet none of the odious people who live here. What would you think of that?"

"I can't bear to think of it at all. Nothing would make me give up my dear papa and mamma, and my brothers and sisters; and I know no odious people. I am sure the neighbours all round us are very kind and very good."

"Julie, you must not speak of them in that way. I hate them all."

"Then how can you like me, who like them all so much?"

"That I do not know," said Balmat, seriously, "but it is certain that I do like you as much as I hate the rest."

"Then perhaps for my sake you will like them by and by."

"Perhaps so; God knows what effect you may produce on me; but you must love me first, Julie; and it is for the chance of that that I have brought

you here. So let us forget all the stupid people who live elsewhere, and see what we can do for each other here."

"I am sure I never can do enough for you, Monsieur Balmat, in return for all you have done for me already."

"My dear Julie, you have done more for me, without knowing it, than perhaps I can ever do for you. You have opened my eyes on my own heart, and enabled me to see far down into its depths."

"Well now, do tell me what it is like, and what you found there."

"Why I don't exactly know what it is like, Julie, if it isn't the salt mines of Foully," said Balmat, with another of his improving smiles; "for amidst a great deal of darkness I think there is here and there a little glimmering spark."

"Which we must work up and turn into something very wholesome and palatable, my dear Monsieur Balmat," said Julie, taking his hand in hers, and looking beamingly up into his face.

"God bless you, Julie!" said he, squeezing the little hands together in both of his. But he immediately loosed his hold, and covered his eyes with his broad palm, and turning suddenly round, laid his face earthwards, and neither spoke nor moved for some minutes.

Julie watched him quietly for a while, then gently rose up and walked away a little distance. She went over towards the goat, and played with it, looking still at Balmat. She then stepped softly up beside him. His hands had fallen from his face, and while she saw that he was fast asleep, she observed the trickling mark of a tear, that had come out from his closed lids, and moistened his swarthy cheek.

It was full two hours before Gabriel awoke. His awakening was electrical. He sprang at once on his feet, looked round in every direction, and not perceiving Julie any where, he ran to the hut, then in a moment emerged from it, and was hastening along the path which he had himself formed, towards the opening of the glen, on the way towards Chamouni, when he was arrested by a burst of childish laughter faintly heard, and looking upwards he perceived the object of his search sitting on a projecting ledge of granite, far above him, her goat by her side, her own head and the neck of the animal fancifully decorated with wreaths of wild flowers, a quantity of which little Julie amused herself by scattering down towards her astonished, pleased, but somewhat alarmed friend: for mixed with his delight to find that she had not escaped from him, was an almost involuntary shudder, on observing the perilous position to which she had climbed.

This absence of nervousness in situations of risk arises either from a reckless disposition or a confidence in one's own resources. The latter was the case with Julie; and Balmat had already obtained sufficient insight into her character to be convinced of it. He made, therefore, no ill-judged effort to hurry to her relief, nor did he show any anxiety; but sending up a kind gesture or two in token of recognition and satisfaction, he beckoned her down with a coaxing air. Agile and sure-footed, because sure-headed, Julie made little difficulty about the means of descent. She stepped from stone to stone, and clung by whatever wild grass or weeds she could grasp at on her way, stopping from time to time to wait a salute to the admiring and expectant Gabriel, or to call her goat, who respectfully followed her track, as if taking a lesson from her prudent activity. In a few minutes she had come down from a height that it must have required an hour to reach; and when she touched the grass-covered earth again Balmat could not resist the impulse to take her in his arms, and for the first time to impress a kiss on either side of her flushed and animated face.

"I gave you a nice fright, didn't I?" said Julie, laughing.

"Why I certainly was alarmed to see you in so dangerous a place; and really, my little friend, it was very imprudent."

"Come, come, Monsieur Balmat, it is not that I mean, and you know very well it was not that that frightened you so much—but you thought I had run away home—I know you did, and it was that that made me laugh at you."

"No, I assure you, my dear Julie, I couldn't believe that, because—"

"Then why did you hurry off so fast after looking for me in the chalet? Ah, Monsieur Balmat, you see it is no use—you cannot deceive me."

"Nor do I wish it, Julie. But—"

"But what? you are afraid to confide in me? Isn't that it?"

"No, not exactly that—but you are very young, and you do not yet quite know your own mind, and you know me scarcely at all, and so—"

"And so you are resolved to keep me a sort of prisoner in this delightful place, notwithstanding that I am so happy in it, I would not leave it for the whole wide world."

"Not for the whole wide world, Julie; but perhaps you would for that little bit of it on which your father's mill is now standing, eh? Confess now in your turn, Mademoiselle Julie, were you not very much disposed to run off towards home when you thought I was sleeping just now?"

"Oh, fie, Monsieur Balmat! Thought you were sleeping! You know very well you did sleep most soundly, and it is quite as true that I never dreamt of going home. I might easily have done so if I chose it."

"Then why didn't you?"

"Because I think it would be very dishonourable to you, after all the pains you have taken to make this place so nice for me; but I fairly tell you, Monsieur Balmat, that as soon as I get tired of being here, I will escape from it, unless you let me go away freely."

"Well, Julie, that is fair warning, and now we understand each other; and I promise you solemnly, that whenever you tell me you wish to go, you shall have my full permission."

Such was the convention between the friends; and for the rest of the day they talked it over, and many points arising from it, with an increasing confidence in each other. But even from this first day's unbroken intercourse, it was evident that the inevitable ascendancy to be gained by one of two minds so situated, was already inclining in Julie's favour. Young as she was, her inexperience was overbalanced by the natural strength and buoyancy of her character, and by the total artlessness of nature which put those qualities forth without any effort. Balmat, rough, bold, and cautious as he was, had always an object to strain for in this strange intercourse. He was never quite at his ease, because never sure of himself. And his repeated projects for saying or planning something to gain an influence over Julie, were constantly frustrated by some such abrupt and upsetting remarks as I have already recorded.

It may be taken as a fact, that in all such mental partnerships, the simple, straightforward intellect will be sure to take the lead, if both are on a tolerable par of equality in point of talent, and that it is not in any case a question of youth or age.

EFFECTS OF PUSEYISM.—The progress of Tractarianism in the University has spread such alarm at the west-end, that, at the suggestion of Sir Peter Laurie, a strong barrier is to be erected to prevent Oxford-street from running into Newman-street.

PUNCH'S CONTINENTAL TOUR.—PARIS.

The succeeding day Mr. Punch visited Père-la-Chaise, which is a species of fancy-fair kept by dead people, and is something between Kensal Green and the Soho Bazaar. The road thither is alternately composed of wine-shops and monument-makers, so that grog and grief, sentiment and *cerises à l'eau-de-vie*, mourning and merry-making, go hand in hand. Before arriving there, Mr. Punch crossed the Place de la Bastille. The place where the Bastille was pulled down, is now marked by a column, which commemorates the victims of the three days. Mr. Punch suggests that when our own bastilles are pulled down in England, we should have similar columns to commemorate the victims of the three commissioners, who are much more numerous.

Previously to quitting Paris Mr. Punch devoted one day to the sports of the chase, in passport-hunting, which is a diverting and popular pastime with flying visitors, and is thus carried on, according to the actual survey of a recent traveller.

Having applied at the office of the PREFECTURE DE POLICE for the passport taken from you at Boulogne,—termed in the different English dialects *Bouloug*, *Bullon*, *Bolone*, and *Boulogne*—you find it has not arrived; but you are requested to take a seat for half an hour or so, during which time you can amuse yourself with the contemplation of the clerks in general, and listen to the chirping of their pens.

When this time has expired, certain hieroglyphics are made upon a piece of paper, which you are requested to take to the English Ambassador's, a pleasant excursion of two miles, more or less. When you get there, which must be in the morning, you are ordered to call again in the afternoon; during which interval it is desirable to walk in the Champs Elysées and contemplate nature, so as to remain in the neighbourhood. At last you are presented with a dimmy document, which is the accomplishment of the first step in this amusing process.

In the paper given to Mr. Punch, Lord Henry Cowley very politely "prayed and requested whoever it might concern, not only to allow him to pass freely and securely, without hindering him, or suffering him to be hindered; but on the contrary, to give him every aid and assistance"—a mark of attention for which he was exceedingly grateful, deeming it a compliment to his great renown, until he found everybody else had the same. Mr. Punch was then directed back again to the *Préfecture de Police* where the passport was once more taken from him. There, one fierce gentleman wrote some more hieroglyphics upon it; which another, equally fierce, put his signature to; and then sent Mr. Punch to a third—still more terrible—by whom a mark, similar to that which would be produced by a penny-piece dipped in red paint, was stamped upon it. And finally a clerk, more ferocious than any of the others, recommended Mr. Punch to call upon the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who demanded ten francs for allowing him to leave Paris "with every aid and assistance;" which phrase appears to permit everybody to throw all possible obstacles and hindrances in the way of your progress.

Mr. Punch having got all this happily accomplished, left Paris by the railway for Rouen, humming "*Je vais revoir ma Normandie*," which air he picked up from an organ belonging to a strolling company, of which he once formed the principal member. A stranger to the country, Punch invested forty centimes in the purchase of a *Guide de Voyageur*, which greatly amused him. The railway is called "a grand and noble project, opening a new era in the world, and making France queen of the globe!" There's for you. And France, Mr. Punch remarked, carried out the grand and noble idea of her supremacy by engaging Englishmen in menial situations, placing them as engineers upon the tenders of every train that runs from Paris. Amidst the jargon of "*C'est beau!*" "*Mon Dieu, que c'est charmant!*" "*Quel trajet superbe!*" &c., Mr. Punch's ears were refreshed at every station by the phrases "All right!" and "Go on!" which reminded him by whose exertions the "*grande et noble idée*" by which France had "*devenue la reine du monde*," was principally brought about.

Mr. Punch's fellow-travellers were Parisians, and appeared astounded at everything they saw on the line. A cow in a field threw them into ecstasies; and when they observed some little aits upon the Seine, rising in melancholy dreariness from the turbid water, they called them "*des îles ravissantes!*" One of them showed Mr. Punch a small town, Poissy, and told him, with an air of proud enthusiasm, that there was a letter-post went out and came in every day! As the place was about the size of Hampton, not more than eighteen miles from Paris, situated upon a railway, and forming a sort of cattle-market to the capital, the enterprise that fixed the post there was beyond all praise, and deserved the cheers of a populace *toujours prête*. At Mr. Punch's companion observed, "*à applaudir aux grands et beaux résultats.*" And after Mr. Punch had assured the others that the English railways were nearly as fine as the one they were travelling on, which statement, however, they appeared to doubt, he left them in an ecstasy of delight at their own unapproachable country. The "cock upon stilts," which figures in the old Harleian MSS. in no inapt type of the Gallic bird in this present nineteenth century.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PENINSULA.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILKIE.

There are few events in ancient or modern history that have occasioned more surprise, or a greater degree of excitement, than the resistance given by the Spanish people to the ruler of the French Empire, when he endeavoured to place the yoke upon their necks; and the interest taken by this country in an event so unlooked-for, which opened a gleam of hope to the nations of Europe, naturally gave rise to a variety of speculations and dreams for the future.

As we sent an army immediately to co-operate with those who were thus endeavouring to assert their national rights, and break asunder the chains that had been forged for their subjugation, it followed that the greatest possible curiosity would be brought into play, to ascertain what success might attend our efforts in this novel interference in the affairs of the Continent. The official gazettes and private correspondence at the time, did not in any degree serve to abate the inquiry; new versions of the same thing were called for with the greatest avidity, during a long period of time; and among contributions thrown out to appease this appetite of inquiry, the events gave rise to, and formed the basis of a military history, rarely if ever surpassed, that reflects equal honour on the writer and his country.

I had made some notes from memory on these events, but by the time they were ready, the ground was already filled by different writers, and the interest, by the lapse of time, had considerably abated; under these circumstances, my memoranda were laid on the shelf, where they have ever since remained, unnoticed in their dust.

Taking up one of those papers the other day, to ascertain a doubtful point, I ran over that and one or two others, and had reason to be satisfied that they were not published at the time, as being written in haste; some of the remarks

were raw and jejune, while in the military remarks on the operations, although my opinion is in no way changed on that subject, I might have given offence to those whose opinions I respect, although I differ from their views.

As the two first campaigns in the Peninsula, although of less value as military examples, were of greater interest as regarded the novelty of the objects, I thought something might still be gleaned, by relating incidents quite personal, and giving occasionally some sketches of the people and country, as they appeared to me at the time; putting aside the military details and speculations, only in as far as they served as a locomotive power that removed us from the shores of the Tagus to the mountains of Galicia.

The troops under Sir Arthur Wellesley, joined by the Division of General Spencer, were landed by the assistance of country boats near the mouth of the Mondego, on a beautiful day, in August, 1808: from thence, they marched to a small place called Lavos, about four miles from the shore, where it was understood they were to halt until the artillery and stores joined. On this supposition, and having some business on board one of the ships, I got leave to return to the anchorage. The gentle breeze that had assisted our landing, had died away; the surface of the sea was smooth as glass, but a heavy ground swell had set in from the Atlantic, causing the ships to roll so heavily, that it was a matter of great difficulty either to get on board or to leave them. I have been on board a light transport in a heavy gale of wind, but the rolling was not to my recollection near so heavy as that the ships were undergoing in Mondego Bay in a perfect calm. Having completed my errand, I returned to the place where I had left the regiment; but the birds had flown, and it had become nearly dark; there was nothing, therefore, but to follow up the chase. After walking for about five or six miles, there appeared in front some large dark object in motion, which it was very difficult to make out; at first I thought it was a woman on a donkey, but a nearer approach convinced me that there were only two legs in motion, and that they carried some large uncouth mass, which I at last discovered to be a very tall and corpulent friar doing duty as a patrol. He had his coats tucked up and strapped round his huge paunch, the *capucin*, with its sharp termination, pulled over his head, and across his shoulder was a firelock. On getting near this formidable-looking personage, I asked what he was doing, his reply was, that he was guarding the highway; he looked more like the Colossus of roads, than the god Terminus. He assured me the troops were only a short way in front; but "hope told a flattering tale." I only got sight of them at daybreak, and then they were just leaving their bivouac, and taking a fresh departure.

Our second halt was on an elevated plateau, parallel to the great road, and near to it; on our left the ground descended rapidly, and was broken into several deep ravines. After dispatching the provisions we carried with us, the wigwags for our night's repose were soon put into requisition. One of our officers, who had volunteered from the militia, and who made his first appearance as a campaigner, declared it was impossible to get any sleep so near the noise of the ungreased axles of the horrible Portuguese cars, that were continually moving along the road; he therefore retreated into one of the ravines already alluded to, where, having chosen a snug nook, his servant fitted him up a hut with boughs of trees, that was a perfect picture of military felicity; he had his cloak spread nicely for repose, and his shaving and dressing things all spread on a napkin ready for the morning toilette. We left him in this terrestrial paradise, and retired to our own shake-downs with good appetite for a sleep after our march.

About twelve at night a heavy storm of thunder and lightning began, accompanied by torrents of rain that soon penetrated our leafy coverings, and left no hope of security against the wet; we therefore sat up, wrapped in our blankets, and did "as they do in Spain when it rains—let it rain." We had about five hours of this shower-bath; as the weather broke up about daylight, we looked like a set of half-drowned rats. When we had our laugh at each other, some one thought of asking for our happy friend of the ravine; he was not to be found in the place where we had left him, but was at last discovered at the bottom of the hill, looking amongst the rubbish swept down by the torrent for his goods and chattels, which were no where to be found. The thunder had awakened him, and he heard the patter of the rain on the leaves of the trees, but he was sheltered by the projecting ground above his head, and he lay in fancied security, until the water, accumulated on the upper ground, rushed down into the very heart of his nest, half choked him with mud and water, and when he started on his feet to avoid the threatened fate, he left a clear course for the speedy disappearance of his traps. It was a lesson for the future not to make his dormitory in a ravine, however snug it might look.

The approach to Leira is pleasing, along an avenue of trees, and the general situation is cheerful and picturesque, to which the position of the Bishop's palace on rising ground gives additional effect. Here we first saw a specimen of the enemy, in the shape of four Swiss soldiers in scarlet, who were left behind by mistake in the prison; and here also we saw the French method of picking a lock, by putting the point of the bayonet into the key-hole, and then firing the musket with ball. It was at Leira also that the Portuguese General Freire, who had accompanied us thus far, took his leave, promising to give us 1700 men to aid the future operations.

The following day the march was continued to Las Caldas; the day was exceedingly hot, and the road dusty, which made us anticipate with pleasure the delights of a warm bath. The springs, from whence the place derives its name, furnish a pretty steady supply of warm water, strongly impregnated with sulphur, which is conveyed into one large bath of an oblong form: the bottom is of clear white sand; the water is about two and a half feet in depth, and has a slightly greenish tinge, similar to that of the sea, but is perfectly transparent, and only smells in a trifling degree of the mineral with which it is so strongly impregnated. We enjoyed the luxury of warm water without any inconvenience from this cause, but the next day, when on the march, and under the influence of a hot sun, the sulphur came out strong, and the odour could scarcely have been greater than that attached to "the gentleman in black" when "he left his brimstone bed at break of day, to see how his farm on earth was going on."

Not far from Las Caldas our Riflemen first touched on the advanced post of the French at Obidos, which after a skirmish retreated. A little further in advance brought us in view of the French position at Roleia (or Roriga) which at a distance put me much in mind of the range of hills that overhang the valley of the Severn near Gloucester. Below this range was a detached hill that bore the appearance of a land-slip, and on this the enemy had posted a portion of their force. Before leaving Caldas we had been joined by the promised Portuguese, who were posted on the right. What they did there I never exactly heard, but I can speak for a small detachment we had on the left of the centre, about 300, who were called light troops, but were chiefly formed of the students of Coimbra whom the fire of patriotism had started from their academical benches; they were armed with fowling-pieces, *escopetas*, carbines, and other such deadly engines. The centre had halted to give time for the operations on

the flanks, but our Portuguese friends seemed anxious for the fray, as they passed on in front without any orders, and the moment they got sight of the French on the lower plateau, began blazing away with great vigour; while thus employed, and before the enemy had deigned to reply by a single shot, one of these heroes came limping to the place where I stood; he was deadly pale; he could talk a little English, and said he was badly wounded, although there was no appearance of anything of that kind. Serjeant Bowdler of my company, who was standing close by, said, "Yes, my good fellow, I see you are badly wounded, and it is in the worst place, in your heart." This sally produced a grand explosion of laughter among our men, under which the Coimbrese continued his retreat with anything but flying colours.

The ascent of the ground on which the chief position of the enemy rested, was an operation of no little difficulty: the hill was as steep as that at Malvern, and covered with loose pebbles, having only a few stunted shrubs here and there to give security to the footing; to use the phrase of the *fancy*, there was "great cry of bellows to mend;" and had the French, in place of volleys, favoured us with a song, they might have used with propriety that one from *Il Matrimonio. Si finto in corpo a rete*. The exertion caused the death of an old friend of mine, Capt. Payne, of the 45th; he had been shot through the lungs the preceding year at Buenos Ayres, and had made a wonderful recovery, but was still unfit for active service; his zeal, however, would not allow him to remain behind his regiment; he came out to Portugal, and was getting on tolerably well when he attempted to mount this hill, a feat far beyond his strength; he was obliged to give way, and go in the rear, and survived but a short time.

Laborde made a gallant defence of his position, and when obliged to retreat, he effected it in a very masterly style. He took up a second position at a village, with a name nearly as long as itself (Zambageira,) which he defended for some time, and then retreated in excellent order. Whether from the fire of artillery, or that it was done purposely to check the pursuit, the village was burnt to the ground, offering one of the common spectacles of war, the inhabitants standing in the street with every mark of grief and despair, as they looked at the blazing rafters of their dwellings. It was said that Laborde's Division was chiefly composed of conscripts; if so, they deserved much credit for quickly learning their business. I saw them retreat across the plain, after they abandoned the village, and their movements were made with as much precision as on a parade, retiring by files from the right of companies, wheeling up occasionally round their pivot, giving their volley to the light troops in pursuit, and then resuming their former order of march.

Nothing of any moment occurred on the march to take up our ground at Vimiera, a position which, although defective in itself, was the only one that could have covered the communication with our floating reserves; a small cove gave the means of landing fresh supplies of ammunition, provisions, stores, &c.; and also our maritime reservoirs furnished us with reinforcements of troops, some of whom landed during the action, and had hardly time to prime and load before they were in the thick of it.

When the French were repulsed and we were in full pursuit, no little surprise was exhibited when the word halt was given, and we returned to the place from whence we came; the cause, however, soon transpired. There had been too many head-cooks, but fortunately the broth was not quite spoiled. We heard of a flag of truce, and the rest naturally followed. The following day we marched, and passing through the verdant defiles of Torres Vedras, took up our ground on the plain of Bucellas. After the Convention was signed, and consequent cessation of hostilities, another officer and myself obtained leave to go down to Cascaes, where the transports had arrived, taking with us sundry small commissions for execution. The day was extremely hot, and the road in the first part difficult and indirect; as we passed through a village we observed the curate at his door, who kindly invited us to take some refreshment and bait the horses; this we accepted. Introduced into his house, a large supply of very fine fruit, and some bread and wine, were placed before us; at the same time there also alighted a Portuguese officer, dressed in French-grey, with a profusion of silver lace; he said he belonged to the Lusitanian Legion, or some such designation, and he began directly to question us, from whence we came! where we were going! what regiment and brigade we belonged to? &c. We laughed outright at this kind of catechism, which rather disconcerted our inquisitive friend; he had been evidently trying to do the great man, and to give us an idea that he was authorised to stop all travellers until they gave an account of themselves; he accordingly finished by saying, that all was correct, glancing at the same time to the Padre with a look of conscious power, and that we might proceed on our journey. To this we replied with another loud laugh, which so discomposed the hero that he mounted his horse and rode off.

The ride proved longer than was expected. We could not have reached Cascaes in time to get on board ship that night, we therefore turned to the right and took up our abode at the hotel in Cintra, kept at that time by an Irishwoman, whose name I forget. A good dinner and bottle of wine had been discussed, when our landlady made her appearance, and asked if we would not like to walk out and see the illuminations. Fortunately curiosity got the better of laziness, for I have seldom witnessed a more pleasing scene. Whatever was the discontent and disappointment elsewhere on the subject of the Convention of Cintra, there was not the smallest symptom of that feeling in the place itself—all was gaiety and hilarity; groups of men and women in their holiday clothes parading up and down laughing and talking—rows of young men, with their arms on each others' shoulders, marched along the road singing their national airs—while in favourable spots parties had formed dances. Those who have visited Cintra can form some idea of what it might be when lighted up; to me the effect was almost magical. The lights from the quintas (country houses) partially screened by the shrubs that surrounded them, were sometimes reflected against the naked rock of some fantastic peak, or slightly illumed the upper foliage of a majestic pine, leaving all below in deeper shade; and the vast variety of sites on which these houses were perched, and their whiteness, with the abrupt turns and angles of the road, gave almost endless change of light and shade. I may truly say that it was quite a fairy-scene.

The next morning we pursued our journey by Penalonga to Praza d'Arcos, where communication with our heavy baggage was obtained. On returning to join the regiment we found it had moved from its former ground, had approached nearer to Lisbon, and was in bivouac within a short distance of the palace of Queluz, where it remained until the embarkation of the French army was completed, and the entrance to Lisbon was the order of the day. That was indeed a splendid exhibition; from the entrance of Belem, the whole way to the Rocio-square, was a triumphal march. One might have supposed that the whole population of Lisbon had been thrown on the line—

Stalls, bulks, windows
Were smothered up, leads filled, and ridges hoisted
With variable complexions."

The balconies and windows of all the better houses were filled with Portu-

guese ladies in their best attire, hailing us with continued *vivas*, and showering down garlands and flowers. Guns were firing and bells ringing as we marched along the streets with flying colours, and band and drums in full activity. It was one of those exciting hours that compensate the soldier for weeks of privation and fatigue.

The quarters destined for our regiment were in a large convent near the Rocio-square; a Spanish battalion that had occupied it was just turning out to be embarked with the other troops of that nation that had been in the French service, to be sent to Cadiz. The men were dressed in white, and formed a very fine body of troops; for their numbers, I think they would have covered more ground than any regiment I ever saw. They were tolerably clean in their persons, but had never learnt "to set their house in order." Anything so abominably filthy, serving as a habitation for human beings, I never had seen before. It required the incessant labour of pioneers, fatigue parties, and Lisbon scavengers, before the place could be made tolerably decent. I have heard from officers who served lately on the coast of Spain, that this propensity to filth was equally to be found among the Spanish soldiers there, whether in cantonments or on board ship. The convent had, most likely, served previously as a French barrack, as there were several scraps of writing on the walls, not very complimentary to the great Emperor. *L'homme de Corse—Le Nain jaune—Petit Caporal*. On one of the landing-places there was written in pencil on the wall, the qualifications necessary to form a good soldier; which I have quoted elsewhere.

"Le courage d'un lion,
La force d'un cheval,
L'appetit d'un souris,
Et l'humanité d'une bête."

When Janot marched to attack our position at Vimiera, he left in the capital about 1200 men, many of whom were invalids, as a garrison: the craven population dared not to attack this handful of men, but the moment the French troops were embarked, and there was no danger of reprisal, this *canaille* proclaimed war to the knife against every Frenchman, of whatever trade or profession. Several attempts had been made at assassination, and more were expected. The evening after our arrival I was sent with the outlying picket to strengthen the main-guard. I had hardly arrived there when a Frenchman came running to the guard-room to claim protection, and presently two more appeared, followed up by a large mob. I had the guard and picket turned out, left room for the fugitives to pass, and stopped the pursuers; who calling out *Vive les Anglais*, said that the runaways were Frenchmen, and expected they would be given up directly to their vengeance. It was in vain to argue with such persons; they kept pressing on the men, so that I feared they would get within our bayonets' points. I ordered three men to load with ball-cartridge, and told the mob that I would shoot any one who endeavoured to force his way. This had the desired effect: they drew off, broke into groups, and kept moving about, in the hope of catching their prey; but I expected their patience would tire out before morning. I had the three Frenchmen into the officers' guard-room, offered them some wine and bread; but their alarm was too great to allow them to partake of it, and I could hardly get any account from them. It turned out, however, that the first arrival was a merchant, who had resided fifteen years in Lisbon; the second was a barber of the same period of residence; and the only one connected with the arrival of the French army was the last of the three, who had been a waiter in a coffee-house in the Rocio-square. I offered to guarantee their safety during the night, and as soon as it was daylight in the morning to send them down with sufficient escort to the beach, and see them safely embarked; this would have been very grateful to them under other circumstances; but two of them had families they could not abandon, and they said that if they could get unnoticed into a street not far distant they could get shelter in the house of a Portuguese friend, on whom they could depend. About half-past one in the morning I directed the patrols to look out if there were any crowds or knots of people collected anywhere. At two o'clock they returned, and reported that "the coast was clear." To avoid notice I took the refugees under my charge, dropping only two or three men at intervals to give an alarm, and with palpitating hearts the three Frenchmen followed me. We proceeded without any interruption, and apparently unnoticed, until we gained the corner of a street, when one of the trio stooping down, stretched out his neck, and taking a lengthened look up and down the street, whispered to his friends that all was clear, and away they scuttled, stooping their heads as they ran. I could not help laughing at the ridiculous appearance of the race.

In returning to my post I took a different turn, to avoid observation of any persons who might have been on the look-out, and unexpectedly fell upon a pack of the half-wild dogs that prowl about the streets of Lisbon. These animals seemed to rejoice in their new-found liberty, and in the absence of their French enemies; probably they took me for one, as I was attacked directly. They seemed, however, to have an instinctive knowledge of sharp tools, for none of them came within the reach of the sword's point. Whatever faults may have been laid to the doors of the French, they had done much to improve the cleanliness of Lisbon. They made the people cleanse the streets, have watchmen at night, and they killed hundreds of these dogs,—the greatest nuisance in the place. Indifferent as the police was then, I was struck with the contrast which it afforded to my last visit, twelve years previously. At that time Lisbon was not only the dirtiest, but most unsafe large town in Europe: the streets were left unguarded day and night, and there was no light, except a candle stuck up in front of the Virgin, at very long intervals. Assassination for the sake of plunder was of nightly occurrence; and dogs and dirt were in high favour. Although forty-one years had passed after the earthquake, its ravages had not been completely obliterated; a large portion of the buildings in what is now the best part of the town were incomplete, and the streets unpaved. We lodged at that time at Williams's English hotel at Buenos Ayres; from whence it was not safe to move out, except in a carriage. Those who could not afford that luxury were obliged to keep a sharp look-out in going to or returning from the Opera. If you went close to the houses you ran the double danger of the assassins aforesaid, and having an ungenial shower on your head, administered without the premonitory "*gare de l'eau*." In the middle of the street there was the chance of being run over, or the more frequent one of being up to the knee in mud. The people swept up the filth opposite to their houses into heaps in the middle of the road, to be carried off at the perfect leisure of the scavengers, if they existed, or to be swept off by the autumnal rains.

At this period the old Queen was alive, but insane; she was not allowed to interfere in the affairs of the Government, but was indulged in many of her whims and caprices. Among these she took an objection to having female performers on the stage of the Italian Opera, and the only way to meet this fancy was, the importation from Italy of the required number of *Soprani*. To look at these great ungainly creatures in petticoats striding over the stage was quite ridiculous. An Irish officer in the regiment with me, unaware of the nature of the animals, made a remark about them that served as a standing joke against him for many years.

To return to 1808: I mentioned that a small division of Portuguese had joined us on the march, and had been employed, attached to our right flank, at the affair of Roriga. The officers and men of this detachment were directed to wear on the left arm a bit of white linen, or a pocket-handkerchief tied round, to distinguish them from the French. I should conceive that the number of officers was under forty: a few days after we got to Lisbon at least a hundred officers appeared in the streets in new uniforms, with each a broad white satin riband on the arm, surmounted by a cockade, like that in a baby's cap; thus transforming a distinguishing mark, set up to save them from sudden death, into a badge of distinction.

It is needless to say that great rejoicings took place in Lisbon on the late events, religious processions to the churches to sing *Te Deum*, illuminations, firing of rockets, &c. A new piece was got up at the theatre, in honour of the Commander-in-Chief; the principal *artistes* had, however, accompanied the French army, and what remained were very indifferent. All the amusements to be found in a capital had been gone through, when our attention was called more to matters of business, the army was freshly organized in brigades and divisions, and received orders to march to Spain, under the command of Sir John Moore.

MADemoiselle LENORMAND.

(Concluded from last week's Anglo American.)

Well, it was my turn at length to enter the sanctum, where doubtless sate in awful state the great dispenser of destinies. I must confess that the little scene I had just witnessed had abated somewhat of my ardour, and I entered with far less readiness than I should have done some few moments before.

It was almost dark, and the last few struggling rays of daylight which penetrated the little chamber where she held her vigils, were assisted by the light of a lamp placed upon the table, and shaded by a green hood, a combination which, to my mind, invariably produces one of the most melancholy atmospheres that can be well imagined. Before this table, in a high-backed leathern chair, tall, strait, and narrow, full of brass nails, too, like an upright coffin, sat the sorceress.

I was awe-struck, and paused to gaze upon her, ere I ventured to approach.

She was, with astute knowledge of the part she had to play, seated in deep shadow, while the full light of the lamp was turned in the opposite direction, where stood the chair ready to receive the pale, eager consultant. This circumstance, and the sombre hue of her attire, certainly did contribute to throw a degree of mystery over her whole person, and it was some time before my eye, getting accustomed to the dim atmosphere, could succeed in tracing her outline with distinctness.

I was surprised to find in the powerful and dreaded adept, a person of short stature, and of immense bulk, doubtless the consequence of her sedentary life; and yet in spite of this, at the very first glance, it was easy to perceive that she was not a person of ordinary or vulgar aspect.

Her face was round and flat, yet full of meaning, and there was a cunning restlessness in her bright blue eye, which seeming never to fix on any point, yet lost no one peculiarity of the "consultant," turning the blush of timidity, the stern gaze of defiance, or the smile of incredulity, equally to her own profit ere the divination began, and knowing well how very far events are ruled by temper and disposition, drew her own inferences therefrom, and foretold such wondrous possibilities, that timidity would listen all aghast, and incredulity disbelieve no longer.

Her costume was peculiar, and calculated not without design to arrest the attention of the consultant, until she had taken ample and useful survey of him. She was habited in a close-fitting *amazone* of dark cloth, befrogged and braided across the bosom in fierce military fashion, with standing collar, such as were worn by the ladies of the empire. On her head she wore a black velvet toque of the lancer shape, with a narrow border of fur across the forehead, from below which hung, stiff and bristly, a few stray locks of reddish-coloured hair, which gave additional lustre to the sharp blue eyes beneath.

On the table at which she sat were spread in awful mystery the *Grand Jeu*! Several worn and tattered volumes, looking dim and cabalistic enough, were scattered here and there, and from a red morocco case beamed and smiled in matchless beauty, the miniature portrait of the Empress Josephine, the gift of the imperial lady herself. A chased gold cup, given by the same royal hand, stood near, destined to receive the gold pieces left there by her visitors, as the price of the fortune which she had awarded them.

It was to be sure late in the day, but I could not help feeling a kind of pity for human nature to see that it was filled to the very brim, while one end of the table was completely covered by the piles of silver crowns displayed in long rows, rather ostentatiously methought. A large black cat was seated on the elbow of the chair, with blinking eyes and purring murmur, but to do the lady justice this was (saving the cards), the only token of witchcraft I could see around.

I had come to seek Mademoiselle Lenormand with the full determination of enabling myself to ascertain, in a satisfactory manner, whether she really placed reliance on her own skill, or whether it was entirely in the dupery of others that she confided; but while these thoughts, as yet but half formed, were passing through my mind, she had already shuffled the cards and placed them before me, and begged me, in a quick sharp tone, to cut them with the left hand. She then again shuffled them, and while they passed rapidly through her fingers—for long habit had given her an agility I had never seen rivalled by the most keen card-playing old dowagers—she asked me the usual questions.

"What was my age—what animal I loved best, and what was my favourite flower?"

I observed that while she spoke her eyes were cast down, but while waiting for my answer she glanced at me with sidelong inquiry.

In nine cases out of ten the questions came upon the "consultant" unawares, and it was evident that this was the moment of hesitation upon which she reckoned for examining unobserved the expression and physiognomy of the credulous listener.

Her skill, from long experience, was such that it is verily believed she seldom or never erred in her judgment of the "consultant's" station, character, or reasons for coming to consult her, and she was thus enabled to lay bare the past, the present, and the future, with such wonderful precision, that the thunderstruck victim would listen in open-mouthed astonishment.

I have heard that she always felt embarrassed by the visits of men, that she feared their scrutiny, their rude jestings, and their incredulous doubtings. Her parleying with them was brief and stern, and she paused not to answer questions, or to bandy jibes. She boasted, too, of having made many a stout heart quake, and many a whiskered cheek turn pale, as she foretold, with cruel and monotonous rapidity, the evil that lay upon the bright-seeming path, the poison that lurked unsuspected at the bottom of the cup, smiling all the while grimly

herself as she beheld the bright glance of defiance with which her words had at first been greeted turn to the quailing one of terror, while she unrolled her prophecies.

But it was with the fair sex that her reign was undisputed, and her power without limit. The eager look—the blushing cheek—the trembling inquiry—the palpitating hope she loved to see revealed, and to sooth with specious promises the heart's anguish of those who sought her with good faith—to cheer the dark hour, and to show the sunbeam through the cloud; and it is well known that more than once she has been the cause of her prognostics having been fulfilled by the very encouragement and hope which she sought to instil into the poor stricken bosom, or by timely counsel relieved from a life of misery, or from despairing death, those who came to seek her, while yet they tottered on the verge of the abyss, ere they flung themselves headlong down—to these she stretched forth a kindly hand, anxious to support and save.

I shall never forget the impression conveyed by that deep voice as she spoke in low whispering words, rapid and monotonous, the decrees of Fate which stood revealed in the painted pictures she fingered with such marvellous dexterity.

Spare me, gentle reader, the task of unveiling here what that wondrous sibyl did then and there unfold touching my future destinies—it can but little interest thee. Yet it was a cunning web, woven by no unskilful brain, no hesitating tongue—the usual checkered ways of light and shadow, of joy and sorrow. Much has already come to pass. I am here to affirm it, because I find, upon retrospection, that the pattern and device were all of Nature's own designing, woven in Nature's loom; and while I sat gaping in vulgar wonder, she was steadfastly examining my features, and knew by the expression written there, what was the thing most natural and most likely to befall.

It was a curious study to behold this woman play in mere sportive malice with the heart's most tender sympathies, and I could imagine the thrilling effect which that whispered torrent of words might have upon the trembling maiden seeking her, perhaps by stealth, to confide all her misery to that willing ear, or ask counsel of the Powers of Darkness, when heaven and earth seemed to have abandoned her. And then the trembling suspense too with which the pale listener would await the sentence!—to her the decree of life or death—and yet murmured forth by those cold wrinkled lips, without change of tone or manner, without hurry or delay, merely as the sentence pronounced by the cards, and with which she herself, save as the interpreter, had nought to do. Of small import to her was it whether the decree brought weal or woe, bright dreams of happiness or grim visions of despair.

The conference lasted for about an hour, during which time she ceased not speaking—her eyes half-closed, and bent upon the cards she held before her. I had the curiosity to lean across the table and gaze upon the set which she had laid down upon my entrance. They were sinister and hideous, well calculated to strike terror into the heart of the over-curious "consultant." There lay, in foul array, the grim figure of the "Grand Pendu," the blood-stained visage of the "Supplicié," and the pale, livid face of the "Suicide." The cards were of about twice the dimensions of the ordinary pack—the cross-bones and skull formed the aces, and the hearts and diamonds were simulated by drops of blood!

Alas! for poor human credulity. The cards were ragged and worn by frequent use, until some of the figures were well-nigh obliterated.

She told me with much mildness, and with a degree of conviction which, if not real, was certainly admirably counterfeited, that this was the pack from which was drawn the measure of men's lives, but added, it was a fearful search—that she never pressed it, but the "consultant's" were ever eager to solve that one dread problem, either for themselves or for others near and dear. She said she advised me not to try, for they had already been shaken but a short time since; and told me that the extra charge was fifty francs.

I looked upon the implements of that unholy craft with a shudder of dismay. But ere I had finished thinking of these things, the loud rustling clap caused by the sudden closing of the cards which flew through her hand, announced to me that my web was spun, and that I had no more to do than to deposit my piece of gold in Josephine's gold cup, and to take my leave.

The sorceress arose, and ringing a little bell which stood near her on the table, the black cat jumped from the elbow of the coffin-looking chair, as if her service was no longer required—a small, low door opened slowly and with mysterious groan, the dumb, dark personage who had admitted me, now stood grinning upon the threshold.

Mademoiselle bowed not ungracefully, and pointed thither, and I walked out in silence through carpeted rooms and curtained doors, observant but of two things—that it was not the same by which I had entered—(there was doubtless mystery in that)—and that there issued from sundry dark passages a most inviting odour of "fine cuisine," by which I strongly suspected that the sorceress was about to dine!

I descended, groping my way as people are fain to do in Paris staircases at the close of a damp day in February, thankful to arrive without broken bones at the bottom of the stairs. The rain still continued to pour in torrents, and as I stood upon the mat which the desperate *concierge* had placed there—but as usual, all to no purpose—I felt something beneath my foot, which yielded not to its weight and pressure. I stooped to pick it up. The porter was at the very moment crossing the courtyard to light the stairs. The sudden glare from his lamp struck upon the object which I held in my open palm. By heavens! there was the hand of Fate visible in the whole occurrence—it was the very snuffbox which the old lady had snatched from my too curious grasp, and which had been the cause of my sudden terror in the old witch's saloon.

She had dropped it no doubt when gathering up her dress previous to sallying forth; and after having drawn it from her pocket, as she had done, to offer me with such bland courtesy to make use of its contents. Here then was the excuse to call upon the ladies, and to ascertain in what way I could be of service to them. For I felt sure that their story was interesting, and that they needed help and consolation.

I examined over and over again the golden snuffbox, of which it had been my lot to gain possession. It was an exquisite piece of workmanship, beautifully chased on the outside, and must have been of immense value. There were arms engraved upon the lid—old feudal arms, barred with the crusader's cross, telling of their antiquity, and a delicate wreath of vine leaves was chased around the lid, forming, by its elaborate execution, a striking contrast to the coarse projecting hinge and the rude heavy snap.

I opened the box with reverence, for the very perfume of the trinket had in it something aristocratical in spite of the poverty in which its owner was steeped to the very lips. The few remaining grains of snuff which it contained were of the finest and most delicate kind; and even I, an old connoisseur, took them with delight. The interior of the box was of course much damaged by constant use, and would not have attracted much attention had it not been for a small pivot which I observed inside the hinge. I pressed my finger upon it, and lo!

the lining of the lid flew open, and disclosed to view a small miniature portrait, painted in that exquisite manner which has made the French limners famous throughout the world.

It was the portrait of a very young man in the very flower of youth and manly beauty. The fair complexion and the melancholy cast of countenance, with the long golden hair cut straight across the forehead, and straying in loose ringlets over his shoulders, told at once of La Vendée and of the Bocage, even without the uniform, half-military, half-peasant, in which the figure was attired. The hat, too, so wild and picturesque, with a broad sash tied in a bunch at the side, the long ends flowing down to the waist, told to the imagination many a vivid tale of Chouan and Osen—of the perilous ambush amid the underwood, and of the burning forest reddening the midnight sky.

There was the calm and grave expression seated on the brow which is so peculiar to the Breton race, so characteristic of the people who upon so many occasions literally fought "to the last man," not for glory or ambition—not for extent of power or increase of privilege, but for the sacred right of conscience for earth and home, and for the liberty to worship God as best beseemed them.

The expression of this martial countenance was altogether one of the finest I had ever seen, and to this very day I have not forgotten it.

It was about the hour of noon, on the following day, when I left my lodgings to seek the Marquise de Keradec, and her grand-daughter, Mademoiselle Solange de Keradec, which I learned were the names of the two ladies I had met under such singular circumstances at Mademoiselle Lenormand's. They dwelt in the Rue de Vaugirard. The weather, unlike that of the preceding day, was clear and frosty. The sun was shining brightly as I crossed the Seine, and sparkled on the water with a joyous glitter. All nature seemed to rejoice in the bright atmosphere, doubly prized after the dulness of the stormy day preceding.

It was a delightful walk, but woe betide the inexperienced stranger who, priding himself upon his map knowledge of Paris, undertakes to go on foot from the Champs Elysées to the furthest end—*tout en haut*—of the Rue de Vaugirard; for notwithstanding the exhilarating atmosphere, and the agreeable anticipations concerning the possibility of being able to assist the poor marquise, and the sundry castles in the air which were built on this foundation, yet was I heartily glad, when after toiling up the interminable street in question, I arrived at length before the house "next door to the convent," as it had been described to me. It was in appearance like many of the old houses in the neighbourhood, well enough to look upon outside, but within full of uncleanness and corruption.

No English imagination can conjure up the horrors of the little blind passage through which you had to pass to gain the loge of the concierge, nor figure to itself the *cloaque* in which you had to stand while listening to his tedious directions concerning the "door to the right," and the "staircase to the left." And that dark and filthy stair! Each story was redolent of the several odours of unsavoury *ménages*; and the sights still more incongruous through each open door—the plying of the divers trades in this vast beehive! and the domestic avocations of each family going forward all in public.

It was evidently one of those houses of which so many exist in Paris, filled in successive gradation to the very roof with artisans of every denomination under heaven. And yet there was evidently a kindly feeling towards the poor decayed ladies amid the working community of the house, for having paused on the fourth story to ask of a woman who was shaking blankets over the banister whether I had much further to go, she answered me with civility, and turning to her husband when I had passed, she said,

"*Quel bonheur*, some one has come at last to visit the *voisines* upstairs!"

I scrambled up to the *sixième*, and there paused to breathe. I could not help being struck by the contrast which the little landing-place afforded, poor as it was, even poorer than the rest, to those which I had traversed in my journey up the stairs. The very roof was close above my head, I could touch it where I stood, but there was not the slightest vestige of dust or cobwebs on the walls, the floor was swept, and the bricks were clean. There was a little slate nailed against the door whereon the stranger might write his name and business when the ladies were from home.

There was but one name written thereon in a coarse, vulgar hand, "*Pinchon, boulanger, pour le montant de la petite note*;" will call again in an hour."

It made me sad to reflect that visitors of this description were perhaps the only ones that the poor ladies had received for many a day! I pulled the hare's foot which hung by the doorway, and the sound of the bell echoed through the hollow staircase with a groan almost sepulchral. No one came, and I repeated the summons without effect. Again and again, until my patience was exhausted, and I was about descending the stairs with many a reproach to the negligent porter for having suffered me to mount without being sure that the marquise was at home, when I was met by a surly-looking man carrying an open letter, of the long narrow shape, which people who have lived any time in Paris look upon with so much terror, unless suitably provided at the moment with the needful.

"So you have not been admitted I see!" exclaimed he, angrily, "'tis always the way. Four times have I called for this paltry bill; the porter tells me that he *knows* they are at home, they have not been out this day, neither the one nor the other; but I am not to be done in this manner, and I warrant me my *carillon* shall bring them if they be not dead both of them!"

Saying this he gave the bell-rope a tremendous jerk, which almost broke it in two. The bell again returned the same muffled, croaking sound which it had done before. The man stooped and looked through the keyhole. He remained for some moments in this kneeling posture, and when he rose to his feet his countenance was pale as marble, and he was gasping for breath.

"Something is wrong here!" said he in a hoarse whisper, "there has been foul play; the door must be forced. Wait a moment here while I run for tools. Do not alarm the house, they are ignorant people here, and will arouse the whole *quartier*."

The man flew down the stairs, and left me standing with feelings akin to terror alone before that closed door. In scarcely a moment's time however he returned, bringing with him an iron crowbar from the neighbouring blacksmith's, and a whole posse of the blacksmith's boys at his heels, for he never so secret in your movements in Paris, there is a marvellous instinct afloat among the working classes tells them to a nicety when work may be abandoned with advantage for something better—news and gossip.

The forcing of the door was the working of an instant, but it yielded not quickly to our endeavours to push it open. A heavy blanket was stretched across the inside. The man who had given the first alarm, and whom I supposed to be M. Pinchon, the *boulanger*, looked at me mournfully and shook his head. He entered first, I followed with the rest, with subdued and noiseless step. A faint and stifling atmosphere, so hot that it made the brain reel, pervaded the place. The man stepped forward and tore the covering from the window, and wrenched it open, letting in at once light and air. A hideous cry es-

caped him as the sunbeams streamed in upon that little chamber, for they should not have looked upon a scene like that!

The girl was seated still and motionless at her embroidery. She sat upright, not even reclining backwards in her chair, and yet there was an exclamation of mockery from the by-standers when some one suggested that she might be asleep.

"Asleep! ay, 'tis the sleep of death!" exclaimed Pinchon, as he took her hand and let it fall again, startled by the ice-cold touch.

It was even so—death had overtaken her in the midst of her labour, for she still held in one hand the web of scarlet silk which she had been using; the other hand was buried amid the fair hair which fell over her forehead, and her elbow, leaning upon the tapestry-frame, supported her head from falling. Her eyelids were closed, and she seemed buried in sleep, calm and gentle as that of a child. She was attired in a loose dressing-gown of white dimity; and the long fair ringlets upon which the sun shed a golden tinge, as if in mockery, fell in rich masses over her shoulders.

It was evident that she had fallen gently into her eternal slumber, calm and happy, and in peace with all the world.

Far different had been the fate of the aged Marquise de Keradec. She was on her knees beside the large arm-chair wherein the girl was seated; her hands were clasped as if in prayer, and her head was raised—nay, even thrown back, for her dying look had been towards her child. The noonday sun streamed into the chamber, and fell full upon that ghastly livid countenance, upon which dark passion had set its seal at the last death pang; and the fixed and morbid stare of the eyes was so painful to behold, that one of the bystanders, with a feeling of delicacy which I should scarcely have expected to find among these rude children of toil, drew the curtain with a sudden jerk, throwing at once those livid features into shade.

There was a paper lying upon the table; it was closely written—the writing of the marquise. The characters were trembling and uncertain, and the lines uneven. The wording bore trace of the confusion which existed in the writer's intellect, and ran as follows:—

"It is useless to struggle longer. None can avert their destiny—and the hand of Fate is stronger than even the human will. Now is the hour arrived, and freedom is at hand—ay, freedom from care, from want and poverty—rest for both of us from the terror and despair which of late have followed in our steps, and, like grinning fiends, have chased us even here—where we are standing now—on the borders of the dark abyss from whence there is no turning back."

"Solange! my sweet Solange! She knows not that her deliverance is so nigh. Worn out with labour, she has fallen asleep even as she toiled. It is the eleventh hour of the night, and she has had to-day neither food nor rest—no wonder, then, that she sleeps this deep and deadly sleep. Rejoice, and thank me, child, thou shalt awake in heaven!"

"It is the eleventh hour of the night!—he comes not—neither will he come. She who knows all things, foretold that if he came not now, we should behold him no more. He is gone before us doubtless, and it was her kindly manner of giving us this warning. Oh, what a fool was I to hope even for that single instant!"

"He who first enters here must search the room with great care; he will find a golden box, which, by some evil chance, I have mislaid since yesterday. Let him who finds it, remember that I have wanted food and raiment, and yet have kept that bauble through all the penury which has been mine, because it was all that remained to me of my gallant boy, whose brave spirit gushed forth in the cause of life and liberty amid the green valleys of our loved Bocage."

"It would have soothed my death now to have had his image on my bosom; but even this poor consolation is denied me. I myself have sought it until I have grown weary. My brain is troubled, and my sight is failing. Ha! the clock of the Carmelite tolling the half-hour!—that single stroke!—it is like the summons to eternity!—it is well that I am ready—there—let me kneel and pray—ay, it is well to pray—for—"

The pen had dropped from her hand, for there was a large blot upon the paper which hid the meaning of the concluding words. She had died while yet her prayer was on her lips. Let us hope that it was heard at the bar of heaven and not refused.

Never, to my dying day, shall I forget that scene. It haunts me still when fevered in my dreams. I had despatched one of the crowd for a surgeon, although it was but a puerile step to do so, for there could be no hope left. The charcoal, which had been the means of death, had burnt all to ashes in the chafing-dish, and the white powder filled the room at every movement or even breathing of the bystanders.

There was something almost indecent in this exhibition of Death to the gaping crowd, for the room was by this time filled; but none dare touch the dead until the entrance of the commissaire, and it was not till he arrived that the corpses were laid side by side upon the narrow bed, and the room was cleared of the rude officious strangers who had gathered there.

The very next day before sunset the Marquise de Keradec and her grand-child were both buried in one grave. From respect I followed them to their last home, and on my return I was summoned to the *mairie* to give my evidence, and bear witness to the death of the marquise and of Solange.

I accordingly attended with the worthy Pinchon, whose feeling and sensibility throughout the whole affair completely belied the unfavourable opinion I had at first formed of his character. The ceremony was short and hurried, Pinchon swore to being the first who entered the chamber after the sad catastrophe, and I bore testimony to the sealing of the papers.

I was just going to deposit at the *greffe* the golden snuffbox which I still had in my possession, when the greffier's dapper clerk, who had been all the time flapping the dust from his boots with his India foulard, started suddenly forward, exclaiming,

"Keradec! the Marquise de Keradec, say you? Why 'twas but the day before yesterday that a gentleman called here and worried us to death to seek among our registers to see if the name was down on our books as an inhabitant of our parish. He said that he had been searching without success through every arrondissement in Paris, and that he cared not what sum of money he gave, provided he could find the Marquise de Keradec. He went away quite desperate, finding we knew nothing of the name, but left his address in case we might hear any thing concerning her."

He handed me the card. It was that of "M. de Keradec, Colonel au service des Républiques Argentines."

I took down the address, resolving not to give up the box until I had seen him, as, if he proved to be a near relation, it was into his hands that I had better resign it.

On my return home I wrote him a few lines requesting an interview, mentioning what it was, the subject concerning upon which he had left his address at the *mairie*.

The very next morning, while I was yet at breakfast, a stranger was ushered into my room. He was a tall, handsome youth, attired in an undress military coat. His features were bronzed and his hair dark. I had never beheld him to this hour, but yet there was no need to announce him by name, for the moment he entered I involuntarily laid my hand upon the golden snuffbox, which lay upon the mantelpiece. The likeness of the stranger was so strong to the portrait contained therein that he needed no further introduction, for the Breton countenance, although losing its fairness by change of climate, or roundness by change of circumstance, yet will remain peculiar among every race of men until the end of time.

He had been made acquainted with every detail of the sad event by the greifor's clerk, who, having dusted his boots, had of course hurried to claim his reward. It was well for me that he knew it all—I could not have borne to witness the first burst of his despair, for it must have been terrific.

I could judge of this by the utter prostration of his strength after the night's agony, and the gasping effort with which he spoke. I placed the golden box in his hands and told him all the circumstances of its being in my possession.

He remembered it right well, and was unable to restrain his tears at again beholding it, for it was his father's likeness which it contained; but it seemed by degrees, however, to bring relief to speak of those he had lost, and he told me of all he had suffered to return and aid them. Little did he dream that he would return for this!

He had been fighting and toiling in a burning clime, enduring hardship and privation, and risking his very life each hour of the day but to bring comfort to the age of the marquise and happiness to Solange.

Poor youth! by the trembling of the tongue, and the bitter suppressed sob with which he spoke the name, I could guess more than he would have owned.

He said that he had been for some time on distant service in the interior of the country from whence he had just arrived, that letters had miscarried, and that he knew not of his relative's change of abode, while they had doubtless not received his own communication and remittances to them.

For two days after his arrival he had paced the whole of Paris in search of some clue whereby to guide him concerning the residence of the marquise. He said that he had a singular presentiment at the mairie of the arrondissement, which had caused him to urge his search more earnestly there than elsewhere—that he had even returned after he had left his address; but the hour was too late, and the clerks had all departed.

"What day was it?" said I, rather nervously.

"On Monday last."

"What was the hour?"

"Four o'clock; business was over at the office, and I remember that I had to stand for some time beneath the gateway, for the rain poured down in torrents. Why do you ask me this?"

I did not answer, for I was absorbed in the memory of the words which I had heard.

"The principles of good and evil are struggling at this very hour. If you see him not to-night you will behold him no more."

The word of menace had been kept indeed to the greedy ear, and broken to the sense. It was but too true—they had indeed beheld him no more! And yet he was living still, and had sought them on the very day that they had died despairing thus this cruel death.

The youth returned to South America, once more to resume his life of peril, and to bear without hope his heavy burden. I am told that with the restlessness of woe, armed with my information concerning Mademoiselle Lenormand, he went, before his departure, to seek her, full of reproach and bitter accusation, declaring that it was doubtless her hard prophecy which had driven the weak and credulous mind of the marquise to despair.

The "divineresse" listened with composure and in silence, as if overcome by the justness of his reproaches. She then turned thoughtfully to the large volume wherein she inscribed at times her "Oracles," and after remaining for a few moments buried in deep calculation therein, she raised her eyes flashing with delight, and exclaimed joyfully,

"The combination then was just. It was my first trial; and since that day I have not dared to use it, for it was a fearful risk. Why came you not before? Could I have known that it would have proved so correct as this, I might have made discoveries yet more important. Leave me now, I pray you, while the inspiration is yet upon me, that I may recall, if possible, the means by which I had arrived at such important ends. Blame not me, young man, I but read the book of fate as it was unfolded to my sight, nor sought to deceive with false words or to betray; and," she paused a moment, and added with a self-satisfied smile, "see you I have met with my reward, for the combination cannot be denied!"

She withdrew smiling and overjoyed into her own private study, leaving the youth a prey to his wounded and indignant feelings. He saw her no more, for in a few days afterwards he left the country, and embarked for the land of his adoption, where he still remains, fighting and toiling on, but hopeless and alone!

For myself I never again sought the sorceress, nor dabbled in her magic lore. The lesson had been too strong a one to pass unheeded by. I even resisted the invitation conveyed to me through a friend to visit her once more, for I thought of the Marquise de Kerdec, and of the sweet Solange, and remembered that they both might yet have lived honoured and happy, had they but left to Providence the disposition of their fate, nor sought, with rash and guilty mistrust of His divine mercy to forestall his all-wise decree.

G. C.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT MANCHESTER BY MR. TURNER.

Mr. Turner said the division of animals into the two great classes, vertebrated and invertebrated was first proposed by the celebrated French naturalist, Lamarck; and it was not a matter of insignificance that such a difference should be understood to exist with respect to animals, because, in the vertebrated division, we found a brain and spinal marrow, besides the ganglionic system possessed by the invertebrated animals. If, therefore, we associate mental function with the presence of brain, we must undoubtedly believe that the animals of this division are endowed with intellect; whence they are raised above the invertebrated, in not merely possessing a higher degree of instinct, but in having associated with that instinct, intelligence; which fact must, he thought, be confirmed in their minds, after the statements and illustrations given in his lecture on classification. The saying was a true one, "*nihil per saltum*." We always found, on reference to natural objects, a gradual transition; and although our knowledge of natural history, and of the animal kingdom, and indeed of the other kingdoms of nature, was not so perfect as to lead us to determine precisely what the connecting links of objects were, he was a firm believer in the existence of a most perfect chain, at all events so far as the animal kingdom is concerned. Naturalists have done much towards making out most of the

connecting links, so as to show that there was no sudden transition, but a gradual increase in organization and in power, as we rise from the lowest created being up to man. He might naturally be asked, what was the transition point between the vertebrated and invertebrated animals. If we were guided merely by external form, it would be perplexing to a person not well versed in natural history, to point out the distinction between that animal and a fish. The *lologo* lives in water, breathes by means of gills, has a single heart, like the fish, and it cannot exist in any other medium than water. These were points which seemed very clearly to identify the character of the *lologo* with that of the fish; but it had no vertebral range of bones, no spinal marrow, no brain; but it had such a rudimental-like brain and skull as to constitute it and the other *aphalopoda* connecting links between the other invertebrata and the lowest in the vertebrata. Fishes, as all must be aware, are inhabitants of water; and this circumstance, it might be said, was sufficient to distinguish all the individuals of this class of animals; but there are exceptions—some fishes could walk on land. He had been told that morning by a gentleman, that he had seen an eel travelling across a meadow; and it was stated by some travellers, that there were fishes which could climb, and did actually ascend trees,—so that, in this case, there appeared to be a deviation from the law in reference to fishes, as inhabitants of water only; but there was no deviation in the law of their organization. All fishes breathe by gills, and some of them possessed such tenacity of life as to be capable of living for a considerable length of time out of their natural medium. It might be said, on the other hand, that the turtle could keep under water for a long period of time, and yet this animal respired by means of lungs. It may be asked how can it be submerged for such a length of time with impunity? Because the air-cells in this animal and in the tortoise, were so large as to be capable of giving accommodation to a considerable quantity of air; they were cold-blooded animals, and were thus enabled to remain under water till that air was spoiled, and then they must rise to the surface, or they would die asphyxiated; so that there was no argument here in favour of determining the character of the fish by the medium in which it lives. If we look to the anatomical character of fish, we shall see that the arrangement of parts admirably adapts it for swimming; the form and levity of body are extremely favourable for its progressing through a dense medium like water. The fish in form is tapering, and offers no resistance, comparatively speaking, to the element in which it swims. For example, if the head were square, it would offer an obstacle to progression; but it is pointed, and, in the fish, darting onwards, it glides through the water without scarcely any impediment. The fish, too, has a specific gravity very little above the medium in which it lives; for its bones are exceedingly light. Fishes of swift motion are likewise furnished with the means of maintaining and balancing themselves in water, by the existence of air bladders in their interior. All do not possess these appendages: thus the flat fish, which live at the bottom, have no air bladders, or means of sustaining themselves in a buoyant condition in the element in which they live. Fishes move in the water by means of extremities, which are called fins. Those of the breast part are named the pectoral fins, and they act like oars, in carrying the fish through the water; but the most powerful propulsive motion exists in the tail, moving from side to side, and acting on the principle of a rudder or sculler, and thus enabling the fish to progress in the water. But some fish have no extremities: the eel, for example; in which case the animal moves by the undulations of its body, after the manner of a common worm, when cast into water. Taking eels as the most imperfect type of fishes, they would see almost a gradual transition to serpents, occupying the next division in the range of animals; and, if we were guided by external form alone in coming to a conclusion, we should have some hesitation in determining the difference between some serpents and an eel; but the comparative anatomist sees no difficulty upon this point whatever. There is a much nearer affinity to fish among reptiles than the eel, not determinable by external form, but by internal organization, and by the vital economy of the animal. How beautifully illustrative it was of the fact he had stated, on reference to their being no sudden transition! If they would look, for instance, at the highest type in the *reptilia*—the crocodile, and compare it with a fish, the distinction was most striking. The crocodile was an interesting link between reptiles and birds; because it had a rudimental condition of the heart of the bird, which was not present in any other of the *reptilia*. Take the lowest division of the *reptilia*—the *syren* and the *protos*; in form like a fish; having gills, but having lungs too. These were the only true amphibious animals; they had gills and lungs, not merely transitional, but permanent. Here, then, was a direct passage from fishes to reptiles. They would then go to the frog, which was the next remove. The frog when it bursts its *ovum*, and comes out as an embryo animal, is, in truth, more a fish than a reptile. The tadpole is a fish in form; it breathes by means of gills; it has a single heart like a fish, consisting of an auricle and a ventricle. But it has to change its nature; in time the gills fade away, or become absorbed, from ceasing to be supplied with the due amount of nutrition; for the blood which before was sent to the gills was now diverted from them, and sent to the part destined to form lungs, because these animals were ultimately intended to assume aerial life. The gills would then shrivel, while the lungs would grow; the heart became altered in having two auricles and one ventricle, like reptiles generally; and thus the frog, which before was aquatic, became an air-breathing animal. Here we had a transition from the fish to the reptile in the same animal. But he would go a little further; for the fishes were low in organization, in comparison with fully developed reptiles. Pointing to a drawing of the frog, he said, there was an animal that had a spinal column, and brain; but how insignificant was it in its skeleton, having no ribs and no breastbone! Here, then, we had a very imperfect type of vertebrated animals, so far as many parts of the skeleton went; but a most perfect type, so far as the skull and vertebral range of bones were concerned. It would immediately occur to his auditors, how does this animal breathe, if it has no ribs or breastbone? The peculiarity of the respiration of the frog was very interesting. It swallowed air. It consisted in a species of deglutition, brought about by a muscular effort; and when a toad or frog was seen with its neck bloated, it was in the act of inspiration with the greatest possible degree of force, so as to expand its chest. So that in fact that circumstance, in reference to the mode of respiration of the frog, enables us to determine the readiest mode of killing it, which was the very reverse of killing any other animal, namely, by keeping its mouth open. This circumstance was sufficient to prove, that to prevent the using of those muscles intended for deglutition, or swallowing air, was sufficient to destroy life. But he would go a little farther in the arrangement of *reptilia*, and pass to serpents, which were even more imperfect than the Batrachian order, so far as the development of the skeleton was involved. They possess a long range of bones admirably adapted for the motion of the animal. If we put a serpent in water, it would be seen to swim by the undulation of its body like an eel. But this was not its natural mode of progression, which was that of fixing the extremities of its ribs on the ground, and thus dragging itself onward, using the ribs as feet, which were free; there being no breastbone. Here, then, was seen an obvious provision in nature, for walking without feet. There being no breast-

bone, the extremities of the ribs were used to attach themselves to the ground, and the intercostal muscles mainly drew the animal onwards. Here we see an extraordinary type of the absence of almost all parts of the vertebrated animals, with the exception of the spinal range of bone, the head, and the ribs. No serpent had extremities; the spinal range, the ribs, and the head, constituted its skeleton. Serpents were not the most inviting or the most interesting animals, according to the ideas we attach to them; yet there were points of extraordinary interest in connection with them. We knew that some of them were quite innocuous; others, again, were noxious to a deadly extent; and others, again, destroyed their prey by compression. With respect to poisonous serpents there was often an error entertained as to the source of the poison, which some suppose is in a sting, and some were so ignorant as to suppose that the dart-like tongue was the stinging instrument. There was a most interesting provision both for destruction and safeguard, in the arrangement of the poisonous fangs of the rattlesnake, in the circumstances of their being shielded most completely during the time the animal was not in a state of fury, or about to attack its prey; but immediately, when it was excited, the fangs were acted upon, so as to put this reptile in possession of means, not only of inflicting a wound, but also of conveying a deadly poison into it. The poison fangs of the rattlesnake were situated in the upper jaw, and, when protruded, looked like two curved teeth; but that was not their usual position. They were generally concealed, and drawn towards the roof of the mouth, when they were received into a depression,—a sort of scabbard or sheath. The fangs were, in fact, not only wounding instruments, but excretory ducts to the bags in which the poison is secreted; so that, when the fangs were bent up under the roof of the mouth, they formed a complete angle with the bag containing the poison, and thus the poisonous fluid was prevented from escaping; but, as soon as the animal was enraged, those fangs were acted upon by powerful muscles, and projected or rendered erect; the animal then, opening its mouth to the greatest possible extent, inflicts the wound with the fangs, and at the same moment of time inserts the poison into it. But some serpents, like the boa constrictor, kill by compression. It had no poisonous fangs. It was led by instinct to take up a position in the vicinity of a tree; and, if its prey was so large as to prevent its grasping it by its strength, it made a fulcrum of the tree, and then twined itself round the animal in order to destroy it by compression. If it was a smaller animal, it would twine itself round the body, and crush it. [Mr. Turner exhibited a striking coloured illustration of a tiger, strangled and crushed, in the folds of a boa constrictor; the latter apparently preparing to gorge its prey.]

It was about to commence its first morsel; and its extraordinary extension of jaw enabled it to admit animals six or eight times the diameter of itself, and thus to swallow them. He would now make another transition to turtles and tortoises, which were also reptiles. It would be supposed, on looking at these animals (a specimen of which Mr. Turner held in his hand), that in skeleton they presented quite a different type to any of the reptilia hitherto noticed, but no such thing. The tortoise was a pure reptile, and possessed all the organic characters of a reptile. The shell was a mere extension of the spinous process of the back and of the ribs; and what we found in the lower part, shutting up the chest and abdomen, was a mere extension of the sternum. The moveable parts of the animal were the head, the vertebrae of the neck, and the tail; also the anterior and posterior extremities of the tail; but it was in every respect a reptile. It breathed by means of large vesicular lungs; it had three cavities in its heart; and it did not differ organically in any respect from the reptiles just named. But the difference seemed to be in the extraordinary extension, for the sake of protection, of the spinous process with which the upper part or shell of the animal was incorporated; and the expansion of the sternum, or breastbone, so as to form the under part of the box, in which the moveable parts of the skeleton were enclosed. But the highest division of reptiles was in the lizard kind. [Mr. Turner exhibited a preserved specimen and a skeleton of a very large lizard.] This animal in form approximated somewhat to the character of mammals; the distinction between them was not very obvious to any one unacquainted with comparative anatomy and natural history; but here was an animal destined for aquatic and aerial life; it had lungs of the same character as other reptiles; but here we observed a perfect skeleton, a spinal range of bones, a head containing a brain, ribs, and sternum, and anterior and posterior extremities, all of them perfect for progression and other purposes and functions. All the reptiles were tardigrade animals, that is, cold-blooded, and possessing slow power of movement; much slower than fish, though not colder in blood. But of all the reptiles the lizard kind were the most fleet in their movements, and the most perfect in the character of their skeletons; and the highest amongst them was the crocodile, which formed a most curious connecting link, not in external configuration, but in internal organization, with the highest divisions of the vertebrata, namely, birds and mammals. These two classes of animals had four cavities in the heart, viz. two auricles, and two ventricles; and they were warm-blooded. Reptiles in general had three cavities in the heart, two auricles and one ventricle; and they were cold-blooded. Fishes had two cavities in the heart, an auricle and a ventricle; and they were cold-blooded. In the crocodile we saw an animal having a heart with two auricles and two ventricles, though not perfect ventricles, because they had a communication with each other, so that there was only a partial septum or division between the two ventricles, so as partially to separate the two kinds of blood, and which we knew had the effect of keeping the animal at low temperature, but raising it a little higher than other reptiles, owing to there not being so frequent an admixture of the arterial and the venous blood, as in other reptiles. In birds we find this septum complete; but in them, before the blood could pass from one side of the heart to other, it must go through the lungs; and as the lungs were the source of animal heat in a considerable degree, but not the only one, there must in this case be a higher temperature, and which we found to exist in the two next divisions which present themselves to us under the classes birds and mammals.

Birds constituted an interesting division of natural history. We were familiar with their instinct, and with their affection for their young; and these must always excite in us feelings of pleasure, whilst employed in contemplating them. How different was the instinct manifested by them in these respects, when compared with the divisions of animals just noticed! They (fishes and reptiles) were oviparous; they deposited their eggs, careless in most instances as to what became of them, and it was often a matter of chance whether they were hatched or not; and the parent was indifferent about them. But in birds, not only did the hen (with the exception of one or two instances) sit most patiently upon the eggs, in anticipation of offspring, but it possessed in some instances the instinct (he should almost say it employed a degree of intelligence) of knowing the necessary temperature for the change of life from the passive to the active form; for we were told, that in some countries birds would desert their nests in the day-time, when the sun was warm enough to carry on the process of incubation, and would return in the chillness of the evening, and would continue to do this until the eggs were hatched. We knew that birds remain attached to their young, and take care of them with the most affectionate assid-

uity for a long period of time. Look also to the mammals. In all these we see the same things manifested; but still we saw here that the instinct was only extended to a certain period. There was no animal that would take charge of its young much beyond a month or two, and none beyond a year. After that time they lose recognition of their offspring. But advance to the highest of the mammalia, and see how their parental solicitude is expressed, and they would feel that there must be something there more than instinct. It could not be instinctive impulse alone, but a principle of a higher character that led the mother and the father to remain attached to their children during the whole tenor of their lives. If we looked to birds, we saw how admirably their organization throughout was adapted for the ends to be fulfilled, according to their position in the scale of nature. It was a most interesting thing to examine these animals; and, if we could do it in anatomical detail, we should discover arrangement, design, and adaptation of means to ends displayed in the most wonderful manner. But he would endeavour to initiate his hearers into some of these interesting points, in order to enhance, if possible, their admiration for that class of animals,—and above all, for that great Being who formed them. He would first take the type of water birds, the swan, of the order *Anseres*, or of the duck kind. This bird was obviously intended for swimming; and there could be no doubt about it. The wings were not so large as we met with in birds intended for long flight. The feet were webbed; the feathers were closely applied to the body of the bird, so as to offer a smooth surface, and no resistance to the water, whilst passing over them. The form of the bird was calculated to enable it to move through the water with considerable facility; and, in order that the feathers should not become saturated with moisture, so as to prevent easy motion, or increase the specific gravity of the bird, they were supplied with a secretion of oil, by which means the water ran off from the body of the bird. Here, then, were provisions of nature for the element in which these birds might be considered as naturally dwelling, and for their progression in its depth as in diving, and on its surface. He would take another remove, and pass to the stork, one of the stilted birds, or waders, or *grallæ*, as named by naturalists. On looking at this type of bird, we might ask, whence their long legs? In answer, he might direct their minds to the consideration of the places in which the animal seeks its food,—namely, in marshes, or among high grass, and rushes, so that it requires to be elevated above them; and they, as his audience was aware, were destitute of feathers for a considerable distance up the legs. Look next at the poultry kind, as the type of the gallinæ, how admirably adapted their beaks were for picking up the grain!—and we know that the internal arrangement corresponded, and was equally adapted for that kind of food. He would make another advance, and ask them to look at another type [a specimen on the table,] one of the *accipitres*, or birds of prey, to which they could not look for a single moment without recognising the weapons of destruction which it possessed. If they examined the talons or claws of the bird, and the hooked and pointed beak, they might perceive in these respects an affinity between that bird and a carnivorous quadruped; as, for instance, the lion, whose huge canine teeth, for laceration, were not more destructive or efficient weapons than the beak of the hawk or eagle. Nor were the claws of the lion more powerful for retaining its prey, than were the claws of the carnivorous bird. Here, then, they would see at once an adaptation of means to ends, in reference to these birds. But it was necessary, when the animal was intent on its prey, in lacerating it, preparatory to devouring it, that its retaining powers should be, as much as possible, passive; and birds of this kind were furnished with talons of great strength. They had powerful flight; they made a dart upon their prey, and pounced with their talons upon it. This was a muscular effort, if the bird had once placed its claws upon its prey, it cooped down upon it. The impression on the mind may be, that the weight of the eagle enabled it to retain its prey with its claws; but it is not so. It is accomplished by the most beautiful arrangement of the tendons of muscles, which gave such action as would be substituted by the pulley and a cord; for the claws were kept permanently clenched, so as to make them retain their hold. To illustrate this point, he (Mr. Turner) had had a drawing constructed, to show the tendons of muscles enclosed in a sheath which ran to the back part of the bone. It was braced down in the sheath by ligaments, and then at the back of the leg, whence it ran for distribution to the claws of the bird. When the animal bent down, the thigh formed an angle with the body, and the leg with the foot, &c. which tightened at the tendons, clenched the claws, and caused them to retain mechanically a fixed hold. Thus the bird was enabled to clutch its prey, without the subsequent operation of volition directed to muscular effort, but by the mere force of tendinous stretching caused by the bending of its extremities. In the class *aves* there were other orders which offer very interesting points of attention, if time would allow of his dwelling upon them. Thus the *scansores*, or climbing birds, as the parrot kind—the *passeres* or singing birds, and many insectivorous and omnivorous feeders, would claim consideration, when they entered on the modifications of organic agents.

The last type of the class birds which he would now speak of seems to be the transitional step to mammals,—he meant the *cursoræ*. This (pointing to the skeleton of an ostrich) was an animal very large and powerfully formed—one of the highest order of birds, in the organization of its skeleton,—but certainly not the highest in intelligence, for the parrots were supposed to be entitled to this distinction. This bird was an ostrich, and might be called almost of the mammal kind. We could not look upon it for an instant without seeing two things;—first, its inadequacy to fly, for its wings were merely rudimentary; and, secondly, that the power of progression was almost wholly resident in its posterior extremities. Its thigh and leg bones were as large as human bones, and were so required for sustaining the prodigious weight of the animal. These birds (the ostrich, &c.) were called, therefore, *cursoræ* (runners) or *struthionæ*. The emu and the cassowary were of this kind; and this bird, so far as the skeleton was concerned, might be considered as the connecting link between birds and mammals; but the distinguishing character of mammals still remained, and these he would next enter upon. The term mammals (class mammalia) was a very proper one, as indicating the groups which it contained, and one as to the propriety of which all writers were agreed, because all animals included in it were provided with the means of nourishing their young; whence the origin of the term which designates the class. If we looked to the animals in this extensive group, we found some resembling fishes; others, in their habits, like reptiles; others, again, like birds; some having other characters peculiarly their own, and called quadrupeds; others, four-banded; and one, at the top of all, having two hands, and biped. So that, if we looked at the mammals as a family, it was a motley one; but in close connection as to one fact, namely, that all were viviparous, and all were furnished with the means of suckling their offspring—a sufficient character to determine the class. He had named the ostrich as affording a striking resemblance in many respects to animals of the highest division in nature; but let them look through the three inferior classes of vertebrata, and see whether they could not find almost their parallels in the mammalian class. Fishes lived in the water, and had a vertebral range and a brain. Whales, which are the lowest cetaceous animals, also live to a great extent in

water, have a fish-like form, and progress in the water like fishes; but, as he (Mr. Turner) proved in a former lecture, whales were not fishes. Whales breathed by means of lungs; they had four cavities in the heart; they were viviparous, and they suckled their young. Reptiles were aerial and aquatic, and there were some mammals that were also aerial and aquatic. The seals (the *phoca* of some writers, the *amphibia* of Cuvier, which name, however, he could never reconcile himself to connect with them in the way that Cuvier had done) lived in air, and they could live a considerable time under water. Like reptiles, too, they breathed by means of lungs; they were in form adapted for the water; they were web-footed, but they differed in having four cavities in their hearts, were warm-blooded, viviparous, and suckled their young. Then, again, birds fly; and among mammals there are some animals also that are capable of suspending themselves in air,—bats, for instance. Some individuals might suppose, from this circumstance, that bats were birds; but they had no nearer analogy to birds, except in the possession of wing like processes, than any of the other mammalia. Bats suckled their young, and had been located by some naturalists very high indeed in the rank of mammals. They had been placed by Cuvier, by Blumenbach, and by other writers, as the third in rank, speaking, first of all, of man, then of apes, monkeys, and baboons (forming three *sub-regna*), and bats next; so that their position in the scale of animalization had been raised, by those naturalists, higher than he (Mr. Turner) should be disposed to place them, if he were permitted to differ from such high authorities. He was not, in his description, following the order adopted by any naturalist, but endeavouring to bring under review those points which might present to his audience the most striking and impressive facts in connection with the history of the animal kingdom, and such as he felt best to accord with his own views, in reference to natural arrangement founded on relative affinities. There are animals which Cuvier chose to call *pachydermata*, animals with thick skins. It was not a satisfactory name; as it did not designate the group of animals included in it by any natural affinity in economy or habits. It was true that an elephant had a thick skin; so had a horse, and so had a pig; but no one could be induced to believe that there was any affinity in any other respect between a pig and an elephant; and yet the arrangement of placing both in the order of "*pachydermata*," would lead us to the supposition that such was in reality the case. We consider the elephant as one of the most sagacious of quadrupeds, and one to which we felt ourselves much attached; therefore, to consider it in juxtaposition with a pig was rather demeaning to an animal with which we have pleasing associations considerably above those which we attach to animals of the swine tribe. But he next came to animals that live on herbs, graminivorous and granivorous animals, in which might be included all animals of the horse kind, which therefore should be separated from the last, the cattle and the deer kind. He next spoke of the *carnivora*, or animals living upon flesh, to which there was a transitional step by animals living on blood, such for instance as those of the weasel kind, that killed their prey, but only sucked its blood, and did not eat the substance of the animal. Here we found a most extraordinary instance of instinct. The weasel knew the fatal spot whereat to strike its victim. When it seized a rabbit or any other animal, it inflicted a wound on the neck, near the head; and never at any other part. In considering the strictly carnivorous animals,—as, for instance, the bear, the wolf, and the lion,—we saw how they were formed for attack, for retaining and for destroying their prey; but it perhaps never occurred to his auditors, that there were some very remarkable distinctions amongst animals of the carnivorous kind according to their habits; for organization, function, and habits, went hand in hand. For example, it had never perhaps occurred to them, how much the mode of assailment of an animal of the canine differed from that of the feline species. Take, for instance, the dog and the wolf, on the canine side of the question, and the lion and the tiger, on the feline side, and they would find the most striking differences imaginable. Canine animals ran down their prey by hunting or swift pursuit, and for this purpose their extremities were exactly formed and admirably adapted. It was true they had claws, but these were rough and uncouth; instruments of offence and defence; but in feline animals, where the power of prehension must be certain, so as to enable it at once to seize upon the victim of their fury, and to retain it, their claws must have the finest possible pointedness: therefore we found a provision in these respects for pouncing upon, retaining, and destroying their prey. Compare the claws of the dog or wolf with those of the lion or tiger, and they (his audience) would see the distinction to be most striking. And why? Not because the dog is destined to run down its prey, and has therefore no need of its nails, but because the animal does not need those nails in the same way as the feline animals do their claws. And why are the nails of the lion so fine and so well protected? Because they are shielded in sheaths, in order that their points may be preserved. Thus the arrangement of the parts in connection with the claws of the lion and tiger forms the most beautiful adaptation of means imaginable, with a view to the protection of the fineness, and the pointedness of these instruments. To render this more striking to them, he had had a diagram constructed with reference to the appearance of the ultimate, in connection with the penultimate, bone. [Mr. Turner referred to one of the diagrams.] The animal, whose claws this drawing is intended to represent, does not obtain prey by pursuit, but lies in ambush; and, no sooner does it see what its anxious to obtain, than it seasonably rushes upon it, and, in the act of pouncing, the claws become unsheathed. But if the animal misses its aim, which seldom happens, it does not pursue it further, as a dog would do, but skulks back to its hiding place, and there waits another opportunity; therefore, they would see the necessity of means being provided for making sure at once of the subject of its prey. This animal might walk, but it did not walk altogether like a dog; it might bound, because it has a cushion-like elastic texture at the under surface of its toes. The cushion was in connection, not with the last bone of the range; but to the last bone the claw was attached; so that the animal, when walking, would raise up this bone. The claw was raised by an elastic ligament, possessing the physical property of drawing back the claw, and thus concealing it; but no sooner did the animal make its spring, than the claw was extended by the action of the muscles, the tendons of which were so arranged as to become attached to it, and draw down the bone to a point; the claw comes with it, and the action of this muscle tends to fix the claws in its prey, when physical is substituted for vital force.—He would now make a transition to animals called four-handed, of the order *quadrumana*, consisting of apes, monkeys, and baboons: the lowest of the type of these was the baboon, the monkey next, and the ape the highest; and so high indeed was the ape placed in the scale, as to lead some people to believe that it was a connecting link to man. And so it might be; but they would see, too, the distinction was sufficient to determine that there was an essential difference, and sufficient to separate it very distinctly from man. He thought all that was necessary was to compare the general character of their organization in order to convince them of this fact. It was said that apes were four-handed; but Sir Charles Bell said, and very properly, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, "that it is not a hand," nor was it like the human hand. There were no opposable points. He (Mr. Turner) could bring the tip of his thumb into

juxtaposition with either of his fingers; but the ape could not. The orang-outang had its claws long, adapting it to climb trees, and for its particular pursuits in other respects; but it was not such a hand as could be employed under the operation and direction even of the human mind, as to perform any of those grand efforts of excellence and skill which arise and result from the mechanical powers of man. It was an approach to the hand, but it was not a hand of apes. The orang-outang, and the chimpanzee, were the highest links; and these were said to be but one remove from ourselves. There was a drawing to illustrate this comparison. [Mr. Turner then directed attention to two beautiful drawings,—one representing the skeleton of man, and the other that of the chimpanzee.] He said it would require but few words from him to point out the obvious distinctions; first, with regard to the spinal column. In man it was curved in such a way as to sustain, in great measure, the superincumbent weight of the head and trunk. There was a most important distinction, and one which showed that the erect position was natural to the human species, namely, that the hole in the skull for the transmission of the spinal marrow at the point to which the vertebral column was applied, was so placed as nearly to equipose the head upon it. It was a little more inclined to the back part of the head than to the front part; but, if our observation be transferred to the chimpanzee or the orang-outang, they would find it situated still nearer to the occiput. He would also direct the attention of his audience to that part in the skull of other animals, and also to the organization of the human subject, in comparison with that of the orang-outang, from which examination, he said, it must strike the mind at once, that such an animal as that could sit, but could not stand; it had not the means of maintaining an easy erect position of the body. In man every thing was adapted to the centre of gravity, indicated by a plummet line extending from the vertex, or crown of the head. It was true that the head was not so sustained upon the summit of the vertebral column as to enable the individual to stand without support, because to stand was a muscular effort; no one could balance the head upon the summit of his spine without effort,—but it became almost instinctive; an unconscious muscular action. If volition were taken away, or that which had become habit, the head would fall forward; in sleep this happened, and the chin fell upon the breast. In persons who were unconscious from inebriation, the head fell forward; there was, therefore, a tendency to gravitate in an anterior direction; but that was obviated in great degree by the sweeping curvatures of the spine, and the action of the muscles in the back part of the neck being stronger than those on the anterior part. But so perfect an arrangement as this was not found in the orang-outang or chimpanzee: these animals could sit, the body was bent forward, and the arrangement of its skeleton showed that they were adapted to go on all-fours, or to climb trees with its long fingers, and for the performance of offices peculiar to its kind; but of manly offices scarcely any. Again let them compare the signs of emotion or expression of these animals with those of man. Animals could express terror and rage; the monkey and the orang-outang could do this; and the orang-outang could make a sort of unmeaning grin; but none of those animals had all the organs of expression that we found in the face of man; for, in him, there is, as we knew, language for almost every emotion of the mind. He might increase the length of his remarks on the prerogatives of man; he might name to them various things, in connection with this highly favoured being, that distinguished him from all created animals. Man was the only animal that had speech or articulate voice. Look again to the progressive condition and intellectual endowments of man; in a word, look to his powers of mind; and, indeed, in every respect in which we consider man, we find in him a being to whom have been conceded, intelligence of the highest order; privileges as wide as the world; and hopes which extend beyond it.—(Applause.)

WINCKELMANN.

It was at Verona, I believe, that Winckelmann, the celebrated antiquary, was assassinated. His death was brought about in a very romantic manner; but to give the story connection, it is necessary to go back to the days of his youth. Winckelmann was the son of poor parents, who had bestowed upon him the best education they could afford, which was far, however, from satisfying Winckelmann himself; and when a young man, full of enthusiasm and energy, he left his native village to acquire more instruction. He had felt the sphere in which he was born too narrow for his genius; and with no plan for the future, but possessed of an indomitable resolution to accomplish his purpose, he set out in quest of knowledge. With a few books in his wallet, and very little money in his purse, one fine morning, as the birds were tuning their melodious bills, bidding "good bye" to no one, he was far on his road. His journey was long, and on foot; and as he drew near to Heidelberg, whither he had directed his steps travel-worn and fatigued, he bethought him of arranging his toilet before entering the town. With this view he retired to the river side, where he sat down, with the river for his looking-glass, to wash and trim his beard. His bundle was open, and he now took out his razor. At this moment a young and beautiful woman, followed by an elderly lady (her mother,) hurried towards him, and as he raised his hand she seized his razor. "Rash and miserable man!" she exclaimed, "what would you do?" "Madam, I would shave myself," replied Winckelmann, with unaffected surprise. At this naive and reasonable answer, the fears of the ladies vanished, and they both burst into laughter. They then told him they had observed him on the road—that to them he seemed miserable and disconsolate—sometimes talking to himself, at other times laughing wildly; but what to their apprehension appeared like wretchedness and despair was only exhaustion and excitement. They had left their carriage to enjoy the air of a summer's evening; and coming upon Winckelmann, at the very moment he drew his razor to his chin, they thought he was about to destroy himself. Mutual explanations followed, in which Winckelmann told his simple story and his object in coming to Heidelberg; and by this remarkable meeting he at once accomplished his wishes. He was introduced by the ladies to Professor ***, who soon discovered his talents, and was so pleased with his eccentricity and genius, that he obtained him entrance at the university; where he became one of its brightest ornaments. Twenty years and more had passed, and Winckelmann was renowned all over Europe. He had now come to Verona for two purposes—one was to see the Countess ***, the friend of his youth, the girl who had snatched the razor from his hand,—she had wedded an Italian nobleman, and was living at Verona, a widow,—and her daughter was on the eve of being married. His other object was to examine some rare antiquities, and particularly a sarcophagus, belonging to the Marquis ***. This could only be effected by stealth and bribery, for the museum was shut against the whole world. What will an antiquarian not do to obtain his purpose? He had bought over the servant of the marquis, and he (Winckelmann) was to be introduced to the museum at a late hour in the evening, when the marquis would be absent. Faithful to the appointment were both Winckelmann and the servant; and the latter having conducted him to the museum, locked him in. Here Winckelmann was amply repaid for the pains he had taken to gain access. It had been arranged that the servant should fetch him again; and Winck-

elmann had made such good use of his time that he was already waiting for the signal for departure, seated behind a screen in total darkness, when an old man entered the room carrying a small lamp. There was something in his aspect so mysterious and touching, that Winckelmann could not help watching him. He approached the sarcophagus, and knelt beside it. Tears rolled from his eyes, while he prayed like a woe-begone man to be delivered from some terrible misery. Poor Winckelmann was now at his wit's end, and was ashamed of his situation, an unwilling witness in ambush; and he was just about to come forward, and explain the nature of his visit, when a door was suddenly thrust open, and a young man rushed into the apartment. He ran towards the elder, as he was rising from the sarcophagus, and demanded money. "Begone, profligate," cried the old man. "I will give you no more." "Wretched miser!" exclaimed the youth, "I will not leave you until you have satisfied me; money I must have." "Gamester and villain, I will not indulge you; too often have I listened to you." "By heaven, I will be heard too, now! You have gold concealed in the sarcophagus, and I will have it!" and, as he spoke, he sprang towards it. "No! no! no!" screamed the old man, while he tried to arrest the youth; but he drew a dagger, and threatened him with death. "Oh! I am deservedly punished," he cried; "I killed my father to inherit his wealth, and my son would murder me. Open the sarcophagus. There is no gold, but behold your grandfather's bones within! At their side do I for ever pray to be forgiven my guilt." Winckelmann made his escape unperceived, but his horror was so great that he almost fainted on the way. The next day Winckelmann was calling at the house of his friend the countess, and found her daughter painting the portrait of a young man.

He was struck with the great resemblance it bore to the assassin of the museum, and inquired of her whose portrait it was. It was her lover's. Just at that moment a horseman appeared beneath the balcony, and waved his hand to her; it was her *promesso sposo*—the gamester and the would-be parricide. Winckelmann, concealing his agitation as well as he was able, sought the countess, and communicated to her all that he had witnessed the evening before. The consequence of this disclosure was that the marriage was immediately given up. A few days afterwards, Winckelmann was found murdered.

THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

The greatest triumph of modern science has been achieved—Atmospheric Railway travelling is no longer a theory—it is now a practical result of unerring principles of mechanical skill; and to Ireland belongs the honour of having first risked the experiment, and carried the enterprise into an example for the rest of the world to profit by as well as herself.

It could not be expected that a piece of machinery so vast and so novel could at one heat of the contriver's imagination, or at the *coup d'essai* of the artist's hand, come out so perfect as at once to fulfil all that was expected of it. The simplest and most ordinary pieces of mechanism of long and daily use have not been brought to their perfection without many experiments, and a regular series of adjustments. But, the principle once ascertained, it remains for human ingenuity, guided by science and aided by art, to detect the sources of imperfection and the means of remedy, and so to adapt contrivances to necessities as at length to overcome all difficulties, and to produce the perfect instrument.

It has not been otherwise with our Atmospheric Railway. The principle and practicability of it were established at the very first exhibition of its powers in public; and the incidental defects common to the infancy of all mechanical inventions, displayed themselves with almost equal promptitude. We are happy to add, that they have been remedied with consummate skill, and apparently with complete success.

When the Atmospheric Railway carriage was laid down on the line, the popular cry was, "It can never be made to go." It went, however, and the cry was changed, "It can never be got to stop." Alas! what a deal of impatience is betrayed in those rash conclusions, and their sudden inversion! The truth is, the train can go on or stand still—can walk, trot, or gallop—creep, fly, or flash, apparently "at its own sweet will," but really under the guidance of a clever engineer, just as it suits times and circumstances, and precisely as is consistent with the safety and convenience of the travellers whom it carries. And this is proved in the most satisfactory manner, by the series of experimental trips which, from day to day, have been carrying on for several hours together; at first, doubtless, with a view to discover and correct the imperfections of the new instrument; and now, we fancy, with no other object but to give the engineers who guide the train the practice which makes perfect, and to habituate the public eye and mind to a spectacle so novel, of travelling at once so agreeable and secure. Rapid motion is well known to produce the most exhilarating effects—and here it is enjoyed in its utmost perfection. On direct lines, or even curves, such as the Dublin and Kingstown railway describes, no supposable accident can interrupt this enjoyment; and even in passing through the curves which necessity has forced the company to adopt, there is no sensation (as the matter has now been contrived), of insecurity or danger. The centrifugal tendency to fly off at a tangent has been admirably counteracted by corresponding elevations and depressions on either line of rails, as the case may require; and, as no danger could arise even in the narrowest practicable curves from this cause, except from an excess of velocity, that excess has been amply provided against by a most ingenious contrivance for regulating the degree of exhaustion to be maintained in the cylinder, while passing through the curves. It is very simple and quite efficient.

In the piston carriage (which leads the train) stands a barometer, from the top of which a tube passes down and runs along the piston rod till it reaches and perforates the piston, and thus communicates with that part of the cylinder in advance which is undergoing the process of exhaustion: the amount of which is thus ascertainable in the piston-carriage, from whence the engineer can communicate by signals with the engine-house, and thus regulate the element of motion. At present this is done by flags and other signals; but it is the intention of the company to establish along the line an electrical barometer, by which communication can be carried on with the speed of thought and with infallible certainty. When this delicate instrument shall be complete, nothing, we apprehend, will be wanting towards the perfect management of the sufficing velocity. The speed is otherwise under perfect control, by means of the system of drags attached to the train, and worked by very simple but effective machinery. In the trips which we witnessed, motion was communicated to the train by ten degrees of exhaustion—which increased to eleven or twelve during the progress through the curves; on reaching the direct line, the mercury rose to between sixteen and seventeen; and from that to the point to where the piston emerges from the valved cylinder, the train moving at the rate of fifty miles an hour had reached a velocity (*ferri impetus ipse*) which, had the line been laid down would have carried it with ease up to the highest level which, in the progress of the work is meant to be attained. And here the perfect control over the velocity of the machine by the system of drags was satisfactorily shown; for without shock or check, or perceptible sensation, the speed was gradually diminished

until, within the short distance between the exhausted cylinder and the engine-house, it was reduced to nothing, and the rapid traveller stood still, as gently as a lamb, without turning a hair, or breathing a puff. The descent from Dalkey to Kingstown is not so rapid, but not less agreeable; for it is swift enough to produce all the agreeable sensations of rapid travelling, and neither up nor down is there any way or uneasy motion of the carriages, nor except perhaps under the bridges, any noise sufficient to interrupt conversation.

We congratulate the company on what they have achieved, and our fellow citizens, and countrymen at large, on what they have acquired in this successful enterprise.

The chief wonder of this great work is the simplicity of the means by which it is effected, and the corresponding economy of its ultimate cost. To the Messrs. Samuda, the world, we may say, is indebted for the admirable discovery, to the results of which, in the promotion of human intercourse, and its consequences on the prosperity of nations, the mind can set no limits. To Mr. James Pim is to be ascribed the quick perception and sagacity which set a true estimate on the invention, and the indomitable energy with which, in conjunction with that enterprising company of which he is the treasurer, he has realised for this country all the advantages derivable from the prodigious powers of locomotion thus developed, and the glory also, of having set the example of noble and spirited enterprise, even to her wealthier and more experienced sister. We trust England will reciprocate by a liberal encouragement to the system, in its progress through this, its mother country. Dublin Evening Mail.

Miscellaneous Articles.

LOUIS PHILIPPE IN EXILE.

I remember to have met in Switzerland at the pretty villa of a lady, formed to grace, adorn, and elevate the circle of her family and friends, of which she was the centre, an ingenious, able, and delightful old Swiss gentleman, M. de Bonstetten. Endowed with an admirable memory, enriched by great acquisitions, and by classical and historical knowledge, this most agreeable and well-informed man was received with delight into the best circles of Europe, and never failed to enliven and enchant all who listened to him. I connect his name with this portion of the life of Louis Philippe, because he related to me two anecdotes of the subject of this sketch which may be relied on, and which are worth preserving. Whilst at Hamburg on one occasion, an old refugee, a bad specimen of a good race, openly insulted him, and accosting him in the public streets, demanded, "What right the son of a regicide had to meet the victims of his father's atrocious conduct, and why he did not hide his head in obscurity or the dust?" The young duke, who was unprepared for this unprincipled and ungentlemanlike attack, fell back a few paces, regarded his adversary with a look of stern dignity, and then said, "Sir, if I have either offended or injured you, I am prepared to give you satisfaction; but, if I have done neither, what will you one day think of yourself for having insulted in a foreign land a prince of fallen fortunes, and an honest and independent young man?" The wretched creature who had so insulted him stole off to his hiding place; whilst some standers-by, who had understood the colloquy, applauded the young and courageous exile. On another occasion at Hamburg, the young duke, appealed to for relief by a former dependent on the bounty of his father "Egalité," but who had rushed from Paris to save his life, and had arrived at the city in question, the duke explained to him that his means were so limited, and his expectations of assistance so scanty, that he really had not the power of doing all he could desire for one whom his father and mother had regarded with respect and pity. "But," added the duke, "I have four louis left, take one of them; when I shall replace it I know not; make the best use you can of this, we live in times when we must all economise." The poor, exiled, disconsolate old man was so struck with this proof of generosity, and of filial respect for the object of his father's and mother's bounty, that he declined receiving so much as one out of four louis from the prince's hands; but the duke took to flight, and left the grateful but unhappy exile weeping with gratitude and joy.

PRIESSNITZ, THE WATER DOCTOR.

I immediately started for Graefenberg, and saw the clerk of the establishment, who said there was but one room, vacated that very morning, in Priessnitz's own establishment. I immediately engaged it, and found that I had been very fortunate in getting it, as some Englishmen, who came here six weeks ago, are in a room with seven others. The room I have got is very good; well furnished, but plain. I supped at the establishment the evening I arrived. I was introduced to a German gentleman, who told me he had been affected just like myself, and that he was perfectly cured in three months. He introduced me to Priessnitz. He is most benevolent looking. He looked very hard at me, and said he would be with me at seven in the morning to see me going into my bath. This is his *pulse*. I am now going through the full treatment, baths of all kinds. The douche is a body of water as thick as my arm, falling from about twenty feet: it is something like paving stones falling on you, but it stirs up the circulation briskly. In Priessnitz's own establishment there is the advantage of a fine large bath, and being close to the eating hall. There are a great many English here, who say they have derived the greatest benefit; there is also an Irish doctor, who says he would not take £5,000 for the benefit he has received in six weeks. There are some here who think the living is not good; but I do not think so at all. The meat is not, certainly, so good as in England; but I scarcely ever saw it better in Italy. The milk and butter are excellent. There are, also, good strawberries for breakfast. There are splendid walks and fountains through the mountains; the fountains are all named, and there are finger-posts pointing them out, so that, by taking a glass of water at each, you get a long walk. The scenery all round is beautiful; the mountains not very high, but covered with wood to the top. The weather is very fine; but Priessnitz says the cure goes on better in cold weather. He has become exceedingly mild in his treatment latterly, so that the cure goes on slower, but, they say, more sure. At present I cannot give any opinion as to the system; but it would be hard to persuade any one that the people you saw at dinner were all diseased in some way or other did you not know it from the best authority. The English that have been here a long time are more enthusiastic about Priessnitz than even Captain Claridge. I have even heard it said that he is inspired; he certainly divines diseases in a most extraordinary way. He desires me to eat and work like a peasant; to be always in the open air, but to avoid the sun. After breakfast I saw and chop wood, and walk a great deal.

Correspondent of the Cork Southern Reporter.

LORD HOLLAND.

His was the disposition of the Fox family. They have a noble and lofty character; their nature is generous and humane. Selfishness, meanness, craft, are alien to their whole composition. Open, manly, confiding, combining the highest qualities of the understanding with the best feelings of the heart, and marked throughout by the innocent simplicity of infancy; no wonder that they

win the affections of all who approach them—that is to say, who approach so near and know them so long as to be familiar with them—for both Mr. Fox and his nephew had the manners, somewhat repulsive at first, of patrician life; and the uncle, especially, was for a while even severely forbidding to strangers. It must be added that their aristocratic propensities were not confined to manner; they had the genuine Whig predilection for that kind of support, and regarded, perhaps justly regarded, the union of great families as absolutely necessary to maintain the popular cause against the court. Mr. Fox, however, went a little further; and showed more complacency in naming highly-born supporters than might seem altogether to consist with a high popular tone, or with the tenets of a philosophical statesman. It is to be added that with the simplicity of an infantine nature they had the defect, as regards their affections, of that tender age. Their feelings were strong, but not deep; the impressions made on their heart were passing, and soon effaced. I have often rallied, and sometimes remonstrated, with my friend on this peculiarity, when I saw him as I thought regarding men rather with the eyes of a naturalist than a brother, and rather taking an interest in observing their habits and marking their peculiarities than feeling as deeply as their relation to us required. But with these imperfections (how trifling compared to his virtues!) it is painful to think he is gone for ever; and cruel to survey the blank he has left. Once more one is forced mournfully to exclaim:—"Eheu! quanto minus est cum aliis versari quam tui meminisse!"

AN IRISH HIGHWAYMAN.—Casey, sir, was a Loughrea boy, and, at one time, was the scourge of the Dublin road. He owed his education to the famous Freny, and, following his master's example, eased many a country gentleman of his purse before he could say Jack Robinson. But to make a long story short, one fine moonlight night, as Casey and his men were waiting for the Galway mail, they perceived a venerable family coach rolling towards them. "Now stand back, boys," said Casey, "and see how soon I'll relieve these tea-drinking quality of their finery;" and, without as much as a walking-stick in his hand, Casey stepped out and stopped the horses. "Who are you, sir?" said the fat old coachman, puffing himself up in great indignation. "One Casey, at your service," said the broth of Loughrea. "Oh, Mr. Casey, I beg my life," said the coachman, pulling up the horses at once. "What's the matter?" screamed a shrill voice from the body of the coach. "I'll trouble your ladyship to hand me out your purse, ear-rings, and jewellery," said Casey, stepping politely to the coach window. "What do you want, sir?" screamed the old damsel within, clapping a bell-mouthed brass concern before Casey's face. Never was a man more confused and confounded; not a word was left in his head. "How dare you stop my carriage?" said the old girl, taking steady aim at the robber's face. "I ask your ladyship's pardon," said Casey, "it was all through mistake: recover your arms, madam, if you please, and drive on." "I ought to arrest you," said the lady. "I throw myself on your mercy," said Casey, falling upon his knees in the mire. "Drive on," said the stout old lady; and the coachman soon made the nags step out, and left Casey kneeling in the middle of the road. "You did that well," said one of the boys to Casey, when he came back. "Where's all the rings and purses?" said another. "The women are growing soldiers in these parts," said Casey: "the old hag was within an inch of blowing my brains out with a blunderbuss." "How did you know it was charged?" said one of the boys. "Charge or no charge, it was dangerous," said Casey, and then the boys threw up their hats, laughed at him, and told him it was Mrs. Captain Malone, the bothered dowager. "If that is the truth," says Casey, "I must quit this line of road; for my name will be no longer respected when it is known that the broth of Loughrea surrendered to an old woman's hearing-trumpet."

Oakleigh.

Foreign Summary.

SETTLEMENT OF HONGKONG.—According to the last accounts from China this place appears to be advancing in importance. But three years ago there was scarcely a hut upon the island, and the only inhabitants visible were fishermen, who chiefly lived in boats. The place is now covered with buildings, chiefly of stone, and inhabited by officers, merchants, clerks, &c.; and the Chinese, acquiring confidence in the English, are so rapidly adding their own number to the population that two thousand huts are to be seen in the quarter selected for their residence. The town formed by the European and Chinese residences has been named Victoria; and the public buildings therein are erected under the superintendence of an experienced officer of the Royal Engineers. Every description of article in common use in England among families of respectability may be had at Hongkong at reasonable rates. The advertisements in the Hongkong newspapers give every evidence of a thriving, busy population of enterprising individuals. Ships are advertised for England and elsewhere; cheap hats are to be sold; one individual has received a cargo of fine cheese and bottled porter; and another promises to cut coats, vests, and pantaloons, after the newest London and Parisian fashions; while we have states of markets, partnerships dissolved, new firms formed, and a hundred other matters of similar nature and import.

AN EARLY MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.—We learn, on the authority of private letters from London, that the queen has expressed a great desire that parliament should be prorogued in the month of July, so that her majesty may be enabled to enjoy the pleasure of yachting—one in which she and Prince Albert take so much delight—at an earlier period of the season than that at which official duties generally release her from the capital. With this view, it is said, that Sir Robert Peel has resolved that the session shall commence early in January, and that the important business of the country shall be immediately proceeded with.

Dublin Evening Mail.

A VETERAN WORKMAN.—Perhaps there is not another instance in this kingdom to be found parallel to one in the Chain Cable Foundry, Greenock. It is that of a workman, a smith, who, though so far advanced in years, is able to work for, and earn his livelihood. From his habits and appearance, no one would take him at first sight to be above 70; he is now a few months beyond 104 years.

Edinburgh Witness.

RECOVERY OF GALILEO'S MANUSCRIPTS.—Alberi, the distinguished Italian philosopher, has announced the discovery of some manuscripts which contain the observations made by Galileo on the satellites of Jupiter. It had been believed as an historic fact that the officers of the inquisition had destroyed them.

Illustrated Polytechnic Review.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.—The queen is growing up with an expression of brow and a mouth which strongly reminds spectators of her father—severe, sullen, selfish, massive, and, in short, far from prepossessing. Her sister is much admired as a lively, graceful, and intelligent child.

Times Correspondent.

When his Majesty the Emperor of Russia received information at Moscow of the insurrection at Athens, he ordered M. Kalakaxy, the Russian ambassador at the Greek court, to be removed from his post.

TURENNE.—In a court infamous for licentiousness, and in times when the point of honour, falsely so called, was preserved in its full extravagance, Marshall Turenne was never known either to fight a duel or to be engaged in an intrigue. The grace and dignity with which he once released himself from an embarrassment of this nature, will at once give an exact idea of what he was, and be a sufficient answer to the favourite question of the defenders of duelling. "How is it to be refused?" Let this anecdote of Turenne answer them;—"A young officer, of noble family, and, in many points, really of moral worth, imagined he had received an insult from the marshal, and demanded satisfaction in the usual form. The marshal made no reply the challenge. For this purpose he watched upon his walks, and at length met him in the streets, accompanied by two other general officers. He hurried towards him, and to the astonishment and even terror of all who saw him, spat in the marshal's face. Let us endeavour to form some conception of the grossness of the insult. The object of it was the great Turenne, a marshal of France, and one of the greatest generals that Europe had produced! The companions of the marshal started back in amazement. The marshal, his countenance glowing with a sense of indignity, seized the hilt of his sword, and had already half unsheathed it, when, to the astonishment of the spectators, he suddenly returned it to the scabbard, and, taking his handkerchief from his pocket, 'Young man,' said he, 'could I wipe your blood from my conscience with as much ease as I can your spittle from my face, I would take your life on the spot. Go, Sir!' Saying this the marshal retired. The young officer was so much struck as well with his manner as with his virtue, that he sought and did not cease till he had obtained, the pardon of the marshal. Turenne afterwards became his patron; and, under such a preceptor, he became almost the rival of his fame."

* Messrs W. H. and W. M. Wheeler have been appointed our agents for the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and Arkansas.

* Mr. Jno. Balfour is our agent for the city of Toronto.

We have appointed Messrs. Brainard & Co. our sole Agents, at Boston, for the Anglo American.

MARRIED.—At Albany, on the 23rd inst., by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, S. Visscher Talcott, to Olivia M., daughter, of the late Robert Shearman, of Utica.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8 1-4 a 8 1-2 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1843.

* In consequence of the very numerous applications of new subscribers to be supplied with the *First Volume* of The Anglo American, we have endeavoured as far as possible to comply with their request, but are obliged now to give notice that we are unable to furnish any more. Our stock of the first volume is entirely exhausted.

OUR PLATE OF WASHINGTON.

We have pleasure in announcing to our subscribers that we have commenced the delivery of our long promised Portrait of WASHINGTON. In making this announcement we beg the indulgence of those who do not get them upon the instant; the plate is very large and every precaution is taken to preserve the copies in good order, so that they may be fit for framing, consequently the work of printing so large an edition as we find necessary, and the operation of delivering them properly are slower than we would wish, yet they are forwarded with all the dispatch consistent with propriety.

At this peculiar juncture we are gratified in perceiving a critical notice of our Engraving in a Periodical which takes high, if not even the highest rank among the literature of the day; we allude to "The Democratic Review" for the present month, in the pages of which we find the following remarks. Coming from such a source,—for the conductor of that excellent work is well known both for his scholarship and taste,—we cannot doubt that our artist well deserves the encomium he has received; and as for ourselves, not having the pleasure of even the slightest personal acquaintance with the Editor of that Journal, we are bound to acknowledge ourselves greatly indebted for his frank and candid observations.

"The beautifully embellished newspapers, of England, admirable as they undoubtedly are, are yet of inferior merit, as to scope at least, with some of the mammoth engravings which have been presented to the patrons of two journals of our own city—the Albion and the Anglo-American—remarkable both as works of art and as instances of liberality on the part of the publishers. Without attempting any inquiry into the matter of the apparent rivalry with the Journals in question in their selection of the same subject—that of Washington—a question with which the pen of criticism has nothing to do, we propose simply to speak of each according to its respective merits or defects. First then, we give our unqualified preference to the picture of the Anglo-American, by Halpin, both for its artistic skill, its superior drawing, and above all for its characteristic likeness, which we have collated with the best authorities extant of Trumbull, Stewart and others—were we disposed to find fault we should have preferred a little more brilliancy over the face; as it is, however, the whole Engraving is in admirable keeping, and the general effect most harmonious and pleasing;—a feature in the other singularly wanting. While therefore we award to that of the Albion, by Sadd, the credit of extreme care in the execution of the mechanical portion of the work, yet still there is an unpleasant effect produced on the eye of the artist by an injudicious arrangement of the light and shade. Without going into details, it is evident the subordinate portions of the picture are made far too obtrusive and prominent; but that which most seriously impairs the value of the whole, is the want of likeness—a feature, which one would have thought would have formed the artist's principal study."

There is one expression, however, in the above, which we feel called upon to notice. The editor speaks of "apparent rivalry" between the "Anglo American" and the "Albion," we desire to shew how far the apparency agrees with the reality of the case. Our plate of Washington was commenced about five weeks before that of the "Albion," and it has likewise been wrought upon by Mr. Halpin fully seven weeks after the "Albion" plate was put forth to the public. Our Engraver, therefore, whilst unremitting in his labours has occupied himself at least twelve weeks longer on his plate, than Mr. Sadd has

been engaged on that of the "Albion." We claim therefore considerable priority in the adoption of the subject, and assert that if there be any rivalry in the case it must necessarily be on the part of our contemporary, who has been "apparently" eager to forestall us in the time of publication.

FREE TRADE.

"Magna est veritas et prævalet." Well may this maxim be applied to the doctrines of Free Trade, which, after experiencing lengthened and bitter opposition, are beginning to tower above the clouds that surrounded and enveloped them, are proving the depths of their foundations, and are becoming more and more manifest in their beauty, vigour, and utility. Little did the illustrious assessor of Free Trade principles, Adam Smith, imagine that the arguments which he so ably laid down, and which received the admiring sanction of his immediate contemporaries, would afterwards be so strongly opposed by men of narrow intellect and short-sighted views, and that the battle for the maintenance of truth in conducting "The Wealth of Nations" would be so obstinately contested for more than three quarters of a century, before the correctness of his reasonings should begin to receive general acknowledgment.

But we may confidently say that the time has happily now arrived. There are few now so hardy, who live under free institutions, as to advocate the doctrines of exclusiveness or of high protective tariff. The light has gradually broken in, and the apostles of reform on these vital questions have shown themselves to be both numerous and staunch. In the last session of the British Parliament their growing influence was perceptible: the premier, who used formerly to be a decidedly protective tariff man, evidently wavered in his belief, and actually talked of liberal principles which he would gladly encourage, only he desired a little indulgence until he should endeavour to obtain something like reciprocity on the part of other commercial nations. The influence of his position carried the demand for the time, but enough was said to convince Sir Robert Peel that the time is gone by for dallying with an acknowledged principle of trade, and we have no doubt that in the ensuing session Great Britain will set the noble example of commencing to relieve trade from the overbearing weight of shackles and restraints which have cramped her innate energies. The Tamworth speech also, of the honourable baronet, if placed in juxtaposition with that of Lord Stanley, with that of Sir James Graham, with those of many hitherto strong corn-law landlords, with the onward progress of Messrs. Cobden and Bright, and above all with the triumphant election of Mr. Pattison for the city of London, gives irrefragable proof that the corn laws will undergo great modification, if not be actually rescinded, and that the farmers must owe their safety, not to protection at the expense of the general interests of the nation, but to economy, improvements in agriculture, and *reduced rents*. Already we hear of the probability of long leases; an excellent notion, without the practice of granting which, it would be unfair to expect the tenant to incur expense in trying improvements; reduced rents though brought about unwillingly, will ensue, which will enable the farmer to lay out the more liberally in improving the landlord's property, and economy must do the rest, a virtue likely enough to be put in practice in order to stay the over-great importation of foreign corn.

It is a strange infatuation which possesses many minds that all or nearly all places are equally well calculated for carrying on the same kind of commerce, art, or manufacture, and that when such an idea takes root in the mind, every faculty is bent, every facility is given, every protection is resorted to, and every restriction is established without, in order to encourage and give exclusive aid to a branch of commerce or trade, which can be maintained at half the expense through another medium, but which medium is viewed with an eye of envy—because it belongs to another country. There is not a spot upon the wide world which has not advantages peculiar to itself, or, which it possesses in a manifestly higher degree than in any other locality. Surely it must be most to the general weal that each section should cultivate and improve its own peculiar qualities to the utmost, and let the general convenience be promoted by the interchange of commodities, in such manner as that all may obtain them from the quarter in which they can be had best and cheapest, rather than from mistaken rivalry set up an opposition in which both nature and art are against our endeavours, and where consequently we must pay higher and be worse served. Yet this last is called a patriotic encouragement of native industry, it is mis-called national economy, and it has its thousands of dupes—conscientiously, doubtless, in many an instance, but not the less dupes for all that. Whatsoever is injurious to the interests of the several individuals of a nation is injurious to the nation at large; and this maxim will apply every where.

But, says the old protector of exclusive privilege, granting the position just laid down, what would be the consequence if a war should ensue between two countries deriving their principal supplies of given commodities from each other? The question is specious but it is shallow. In all countries of the civilized world there will be something, more or less, of the same species of industry carried on; in nothing more frequently than in trade do "coming events cast their shadows before," so that provision for a contingency is easily made; and, besides, we believe that long-protracted wars, under embittering circumstances, will not in future be so frequent as they have been; the fruits of the earth will not be wasted by devastation, the industry of man will not be consumed by hostile and reckless war; the folly and wickedness of these have been sufficiently manifested by long experience, and man has really learnt to pause before he imbues himself in rivers of blood.

Let us hope then that the era of ridiculous restriction on the one hand, and of hot-bed cultivation on the other are near their end. Taxes and duties for the purposes of revenue there must needs be under the existing circumstances of society, and these should be laid on with prudence and sagacity; but taxes without which any particular species of manufacture cannot thrive in a particular section of a country, are an insult to common sense, an injury to the com-

munity at large, an inversion of the very laws of nature and an abuse of the distributed gifts of Providence.

In another part of our columns we have given place to an able article from the Journal of Commerce, relative to the proposed annexation of Texas to the United States. It deserves an attentive perusal, particularly as we have been led to understand that the subject will stand prominently in the President's Message at the opening of Congress next week.

* * In the "Bytown" correspondence, which we lately inserted, we inadvertently inserted the name of Mr. Reefer, instead of Keefer, which latter is the true designation of the gentleman whose skill was there described.

* * We have to acknowledge two communications from our Canadian correspondent which we have not yet had leisure to attend to as they deserved. They will appear in due course.

CANADA—NEW APPOINTMENTS.

KINGSTON, 25th Nov., 1843.

I copy the following from the Canada Gazette of this evening, published by authority:—

"His Excellency has been pleased to make the following appointments:—

"The Hon. John Beverley Robinson to be Deputy Governor within that part of the Province formerly Upper Canada, and in that capacity to exercise all and every the powers in anywise concerning the Oaths of Office to any person or persons appointed to her Majesty's Executive Council for the Province of Canada.

"The Hon. James Buchanan Macaulay, and the Hon. Jonas Jones, to be members of her Majesty's Executive Council for the Province of Canada."

I write you the above, as it creates quite a sensation here; it is generally considered that Sir Charles Metcalfe intends going home.

Yours truly,

REPORTED RESIGNATIONS.

* * We have just been informed that a Government Messenger passed through the city this day (Thursday), who brought the news that the entire Executive Council of Canada have resigned, with the exception of Mr. Daly.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—Much of what appertains to this theatre is included under our "Musical" head. We may however allude to the benefit of Mr. Hackett on Monday evening, on which occasion that gentleman undertook the arduous character of *Sir Pertinax MacSycophant*, in "The Man of the World." The text of this character is written in broad Scotch, as is also that of *Lady Rodolpha Lumbarcourt*, (played by Mrs. H. Hunt) and a precious mess they made of it. Hackett gave us a mixture of Scotch and Dutch, in which it is impossible to say which prevailed, and Mrs. H. Hunt knows nothing of Scotch at all. We regret to say that the house was a poor one.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The pieces in course of representation here during the current week have been "The Red Rover," "Mazeppa," "Nick of the Woods," and latterly "The Mysteries of Paris." These are all proving real attractions for the house is filled nightly.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The Revival of "Fra Diavolo" at this little theatre has proved a great hit, and so also is that of "The Savage and the Maiden." There are several new features in both, but the latter in particular is greatly enriched by the comedy of Holland as the Savage, and the pretty bit of pathos by Miss Clarke as *Smike*. "The National Guard," and the Tableau of "the departure of the Pilgrims," add to the variety and pleasure of the amusements here, and Mitchell is reaping, as he well deserves, a liberal reward for his able management.

NIBLO'S EQUESTRIAN AMPHITHEATRE.—We could not have believed, without witnessing the fact, that this beautiful little summer theatre was capable of being converted into a sufficiently large equestrian exhibition. But such is the case; all the appointments are of first rate order, and so likewise are the performers. The variety and excellence of the performances are more easily imagined than described, and we shall therefore conclude briefly by saying "go and see them. You will not be disappointed." The regulations now, as ever, are most satisfactory to families visiting this amphitheatre.

Mr. Macready will appear on Monday.

Music and Musiscal Intelligence.

M. OLE BULL'S CONCERT AT THE PARK THEATRE.—This highly celebrated artist made his first appearance in America on Saturday evening last at the Park Theatre. Expectation concerning him was at the highest pitch, and the pit of the house—by far the best part for hearing him to advantage—was absolutely crammed within five minutes after the doors were opened. The theatre was well and fashionably filled throughout, to witness the performances of one whose fame has been so largely bruited throughout the musical world. And well indeed did he fulfil the general anticipations, for assuredly he is an artist far exceeding any that has yet been heard on this side of the Atlantic. In making this assertion, however, we desire not to be misunderstood, or as insinuating invidious comparisons; it is on account of the numerous excellencies that we utter this praise of Ole Bull, but there are particular effects in which he may find an able competitor in *Artôt*. What we chiefly admire in Ole Bull is the complete mastery which he has of both the *fingering* hand and the *bow* hand; in the former, whatever may be the interval which he has to stop, and whether it be the natural or the harmonic tone which he intends to produce; it is sure to be both true and clear; with the latter there is a continual smoothness and

evenness of tone produced, no matter how attenuated the sound, no matter how fortissima, no matter how rapid is the passage of the bow, no matter how prolonged, there is never either indecision or harshness. For one who is evidently competent to the facile execution of the mere brilliancies of the Violin, we are pleased to perceive how little he is disposed to indulge in them, a touch of *capriccio* now and then, as it were to give the audience a taste of his quality, and to make an agreeable relief to the more solid parts of the performance, is all very well; it is expected, it is given, and the hearers perceive the artist's competency in these minor excellencies, but the best proof of his taste is in his being chary of the use of such ornaments. One thing struck us more particularly, at this first concert, which tells greatly in his favour as an artist, but not much as a musician;—we do not like his compositions. His writings are not forcible, they are not remarkable for sweetness, and their harmonies have nothing especial in their character to render them attractive. The exquisite performance of Ole Bull redeemed them, but in the hands of any other artist they would suffer. Yet even in these there are many redeeming passages. The *minueto* movement in the first piece was a speaking and moving lamentation, and was given so effectively as actually to produce tears in many an eye. The deep wailing, the articulate sob, and the half-choked utterance were distinctly understood by every hearer, and the movement drew down a torrent of applause. The second piece played by him was "Nel cor," with variations; and into this he threw all the resources of his wonderful skill, the most remarkable of which was a rapid *staccato* passage with the downward drawn bow. At this the very orchestral band broke out into rapturous expression. In the course of these variations the flute of Mr. J. Kyle, Jun., was brought freely into play with *The Master's* violin, and the latter gentleman acquitted himself thereon in a manner which did him infinite credit. The last piece was a *Polacca Guerrieria*, a noble composition, finely performed, and eminently calculated to leave a favourable impression on the audience. We omitted to remark that in the second piece there was a variation which reminded us of the unjustly neglected *Miró*; it consisted of a continued trill on the violin, whilst the *motif* was kept prominently forward, and was applauded most rapturously. Nothing could be more flattering to the feelings of an artist than the reception which M. Ole Bull experienced. He was called out at the end of each part, and, at the conclusion of the concert he had to come forward twice to receive the homage of the admiring hearers.

On Wednesday evening M. Ole Bull gave his second concert, which was, in the most literal terms, attended by a crowded audience. We were confirmed, if confirmation were necessary, in the opinion that he is in all respects master of his instrument, and he executed many singular yet graceful difficulties in a manner astonishing to every hearer. In particular he played "A Quartett on one Violin," bringing every string into play as it were simultaneously. This was really an unique specimen of *skill*, and in this light it is to be viewed, but as to its effects on the ear, we cannot say that we were pleasingly impressed. It is scarcely necessary to say that he was most rapturously applauded throughout, and was several times called forward to receive his honours. His third concert took place last evening, and we cannot now notice it. The concluding concert of the series will take place on Tuesday evening next.

MADAME CINTI DAMOREAU AND M. ARTÔT.—These two justly celebrated artists made their last appearance in New York prior to their departure for the South, on Tuesday evening, at the Park Theatre. We are bound in common justice to say that they both excelled themselves and gave their audience a musical treat of the very highest order. Yet Madame was labouring under very severe cold and cough, and we cannot help wondering how she acquired the command of her voice so as to vanquish indisposition so great. Among her excellent singing on the occasion were the "Non piu mesta" of Rossini, which shamed anything we have ever heard here. She afterwards sang (in character) the scena from "Le Domino Noir" of "Je suis sauve," and another (also in character) from "La fille du Village voisin." These were truly musical gems, and the last but one—we regret to say—was encored without mercy although her illness was but too evident.

With regard to M. Artôt we are placed in an awkward position, for one who desires to give his genuine sentiments and yet does not wish to run counter to the voice of fashion. We shall take the risk nevertheless. M. Artôt is most emphatically a distinguished violinist, and can well maintain himself even though Ole Bull be his competitor for celebrity. M. Artôt is a *good* composer; he possesses purity of taste, and great feeling, in his compositions. He does not attack so many difficulties of a nature peculiar to the Violin as M. Ole Bull, but his own performances are not deficient in that quality; and, in the sterling sweetness of the singing quality, which reaches the heart, M. Artôt does not stand second to any artist living that we know of.

Mons. *Vieuxtemps*.—This celebrated artist arrived here last Saturday. His voyage has been a protracted one, and if he had taken the precaution to come in either a Liverpool liner or a steamer he might have been among us three weeks ago. In Europe he goes by the soubriquet of "The Prince of Violinists," and whilst we are penning these lines, there is lying before us the expressed opinions of a brother artist of the highest grade, who says of him "Il est notre maître à tous." We do not yet learn what are his proposed movements, but we anticipate much pleasure from his efforts.

BRADBURY'S "SINGING SCHOOL."—New York, M. H. Newman.—The impetus which the rapid accession of musical artists to this country has given to the cultivation of music as an accomplishment, and the force of opinion in favour of singing, both as a healthful and as an elegant employment, has caused great enquiry as to the best helps in forming the voice and in acquiring the art of singing at sight. Now here is a publication admirably calculated for such a purpose. It is prepared with the greatest simplicity, yet upon true principles,

it carries the student on gradually, easily, and justly; it illustrates lessons by examples for practice; and will enable amateurs to take part in concerted vocal music of no very abstruse character in a very short time indeed. This work does not pretend to carry the students into all the difficulties of the more abstruse and ornamental compositions, but will readily enable them to take part in the pleasures of social and domestic musical harmonies, and which is no small recommendation, it will greatly assist in capacitating them to join in the vocal worship of the Temple of God. We warmly commend the book to public attention, and hope to find it largely patronized.

THE NEW YORK GLEE BOOK.—Edited by Geo. Loder. New York. Langleys.—We have here said edited by Geo. Loder, but we should be much more nearly doing justice to that eminent and tasteful professor were we to say composed by him; for the far greater portion of the hundred Glee which make up this excellent volume are his own original compositions, and the remainder are either arranged, harmonized, or furnished with accompaniments by him. We do not hesitate to say that in publishing the work to which we here allude, Mr. Loder has become a public benefactor! and we will endeavour to prove it. Of all the social amusements of the domestic and private circles, we believe it will be admitted that music is both the most prominent and one of the most rational. It is delightful even when listening to one voice, but how much is the pleasure enhanced, when two, three, four, five, or more can join together and take part in furnishing as well as hearing musical effects. Hence, with the rapidly growing taste of this country in music, the demand for glee, madrigals, rounds, &c., and hence even the skilful harmonization of a well known and popular melody, carries a charm to the ears of both the singers and the listeners. Now a work containing a hundred pieces of these kinds, written or selected by a man of taste, experience, and skill, like the well-known editor of the book before us; one also who can adapt those pieces with regard to the capabilities of amateur musicians, put them in compact form, furnish them at reasonable expense, and issue them in neat style to the musical world, must needs be, as we have said, a public benefactor. On all these points Mr. Loder has done ably, and has here given in unequivocal evidence that he has well profited in a solid school of music. We presume that this excellent volume will have an immense circulation, for besides the compositions which are *originally* glee—written and intended as such—here are several of the most approved arias of Auber, Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, De Call, &c. &c., harmonized for three or for four voices. The publication itself is in a handsome royal 8 vo. form, convenient in size as a hand-book, and containing between its boards a whole treasury of musical riches.

NEW YORK VOCAL SOCIETY.—It will be remembered that some time ago we noticed the establishment of this institution, intended for the cultivation of vocal, as the Philharmonic Society of this city is for that of instrumental music. The Vocal Society has prospered both in the accession of members and in skilful execution of music in parts, particularly in that most delightful class of all—the Madrigal. We learn with sincere satisfaction that it is purposed by this society to give a vocal concert in the course of next week, which shall consist of "Part" music only. We anticipate an immense treat on the occasion, as we have already been so fortunate as to hear one of their practisings, at which upwards of fifty members sang with a delicacy, precision, and taste, that made the effect altogether fascinating.

Literary Notices.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW FOR DECEMBER, 1843.—This ably conducted Periodical exhibits the same vigorous features, and classical taste which have distinguished it for a long period, and which constitute it at once a mentor in grave matters and an agreeable companion in those of a lighter nature. We do not meddle with political speculations of the United States, but are disposed to recommend the leading article, on "Constitutional Reform," as a model of the style in which political controversy ought to be conducted. We learn that it is from the pen of John Bigelow, and assuredly it does credit to his taste. There is another exceedingly fine paper in this number, it is by Park Godwin, and intended to illustrate the life and writings of Percy Bysshe Shelley,—a dangerous subject for any but a firmly minded writer to engage in. Shelley's character has a mark upon it, which is viewed through both a magnified and a distorted medium, and it is a work of love and of courage to attempt its restoration to its proper limits. The author of this paper has done his part ably, and we think it will be read with interest. The entire number of this month is well deserving of attention, and the getting up is in excellent keeping with the valuable contents.

PICTURES OF PRIVATE LIFE. By Mrs. Ellis. New York: Langleys.—The accomplished authoress of "The Wives of England" appears again as a Mentor, and delightful indeed are the lessons she inculcates. In her preface she makes a very unnecessary apology for using the garb of fiction; her tales, of which there are four in the neat volume before us, are illustrative of several phases of human character; they abound in fine paths and in forcible moral lessons; they are also—we need hardly say—elegant in their style, and the narratives are ably put together.

LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON. By Amos Kendal. New York: Harpers.—The first two parts of this highly interesting biography have just been published. The work is put forth on fine paper with a large type, and is illustrated with numerous well executed lithographic embellishments; but its best claim to circulation is that of the authorship, for we should imagine Mr. Kendal to be the best qualified man in the United States for the task which he has undertaken, and which we do not doubt he will execute with every regard to candour and veracity.

WORKS OF HANNAH MORE. Part VI. Harpers.—The writings of Hannah

More ought to be found in every family; their moral and religious tone are steady and true, without being carried out to fanaticism. In the edition before us they will be completed in eight parts, each containing an immense quantity of valuable reading matter.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOHN C. CALHOUN. New York: Winchester.—We notice this little *brochure*, rather with the desire of informing the public of its existence than to convey any idea of its merits. It is a complete condensation, and has the air of a work got up for political effect.

Mr. Winchester has likewise issued the "Chronicles of Froissart," Part IX., being the last but one of the entire work. His serial supplement, containing the continuations of "Tom Burke," &c., so well known and admired by general readers; his edition of "Blackwood's Magazine" for November, 1843, a most excellent number; and the seventh part of the "Mysteries of Paris."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for November 1843. The reprint of this number, by Leonard Scott & Co., has just appeared, with its usual neat getting up.

ANNEXATION OF TEXAS.

From the Journal of Commerce.

As this question is likely soon to occupy much of the public attention, it may not be amiss to devote a few moments to the subject, in doing which, we shall speak freely, without regard to public sentiment, either here or at the South. It is clearly a question of great importance, not only to the United States and Texas, but to other countries, and the interest of humanity.

In the first place it is to be noted that Texas desires, and has long desired, to consummate the proposed union. Not only is the government of Texas believed to be favourable to the measure, but it is compelled by the express instructions of the people, to ratify the annexation whenever the United States shall consent. In short, Texas is, and long has been, knocking at our doors for admission; the question is, Will we permit her to enter? Ought we to do so?

In some points of view the possession of Texas by the U. States appears more desirable now, than in 1820; in others, less so. One consideration is, that in 1820 we had a vast unoccupied territory nearer than Texas,—the whole population of the Mississippi Valley, including Michigan, but excluding Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee, having been at that time scarcely more than half a million. It is now near 3,000,000, or including the three excepted States above mentioned, near 6,000,000. Few were at that time so sanguine as to suppose that additional territory would ever be required for the wants of our people; and still fewer would have imagined that in the short term of 22 years, Texas, instead of being a distant, unoccupied territory, would itself begin to teem with population, and be pressed on two sides by the population of the United States. But so it is.

Another consideration is, that in consequence of the astonishing improvements in the means of communication, by steam-boats and rail-ways, our territory would be practically smaller now, including Texas, than the original thirteen States were when organized, or perhaps we might say, than they were at the date of the above mentioned Treaty. We are not to measure territory now, by the rules which were applicable twenty years ago.

The state of the question is also varied by the fact, that Texas is no longer a wilderness, separating us from the populated portion of Mexico, but an independent nation, *apparently on the eve of some important change*. Her people are dissatisfied with their present position; they are subject to expenses beyond their means, for the support of the national government and national defence; they long for stability, permanence, a settled order of things, which shall enable them to look with confidence to the future, and encourage immigration from other countries. In the wide world there is not probably another contiguous territory of equal extent, so generally fertile, and capable of sustaining so large a number of inhabitants. Nothing but the uncertainty which hangs over its political affairs, prevents it from being rapidly filled up with an industrious, thriving population. How to remove this uncertainty, and place themselves on a stable foundation, is the great desideratum. Above all things they would wish to be annexed to the United States,—the country where most of them were reared, and whose institutions and form of government they have taken as a model for their own. But if they fail in this, is it not to be apprehended that they will place themselves under the protection of England, on such conditions as will be any thing but agreeable to the United States. England, by her colonies and fleets, already borders us on three sides—would it be desirable to have her on the fourth? If Texas could and would remain strictly independent, it would be all that we could ask. But if that cannot be, the alternative is presented to us, whether we will receive her into the Union, or permit her to become the instrument of a foreign power.

So far as our manufacturing and commercial interests are concerned, we should be decided gainers by admitting her into the Union. While she remains an independent nation, even without a treaty of preference in favor of England, American manufactures and other commodities will have to pay the same duties in Texas as similar articles from any other country. But if she were an integral portion of the Union, our commodities would be subject to no duties on arriving in her ports, and so would enjoy, in effect, almost a monopoly of her markets. Neither should we suffer any disadvantage in regard to her great staple—cotton. That is an article we do not want from abroad, though if there were no duty upon Texian cotton, (and of course there would be none in the case supposed,) a portion of the crop might pass through the hands of our factors, as a portion of the crop of the Southern States now does. But much the larger portion of it would in either case be exported direct to Europe.

We come next to consider a question which weighs more on the minds of Northern people generally, ourselves included, than any other, in reference to the annexation of Texas—we mean, the question of Slavery. What would be the bearing of the admission of Texas into our Union, upon the slave system? The evils of this system need not be discussed here: they are admitted and felt by nearly all into whose hands this sheet will fall. It is to be remarked in the first place, that Texas is already a slave-holding country. If she continues independent, she will probably continue her connection with slavery. In this case, slaves will be introduced into Texas from the United States,—perhaps in as great numbers as if she were a member of the confederacy. They may also (it is said they have been already) be introduced from the West Indies. Should Texas be admitted into the Union, and of course subject to our laws, this branch of the traffic would entirely cease. There would be no draft of slaves from the Spanish Islands, to be supplied by fresh importations. The increase of slaves would be limited to the natural increase. Slaves deported from the United States into Texas, would deduct so much from the slave population of the Uni-

ted States. It must however be admitted that an outlet for slaves in any direction, would tend to check emancipation, by making it more for the interest of masters to retain their slaves, or dispose of them for emigration. But whether this influence would be greater if Texas were admitted into the Union than if she were to continue independent, is not so clear. We do not precisely understand the nature of the arrangement which is said to be on foot between England and Texas,—but if it contemplates the abolition of slavery in the latter country, we take it for granted that English influence is to be predominant there, and that whether nominally independent or not, Texas will become in effect a colony of Great Britain.

If, for the sake of securing the protection of England, Texas is prepared to abolish slavery within her jurisdiction, why should she not do the same as a condition of being admitted into the American Union? As we intimated above, all her affinities are with the United States. She is bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. She is near us by local position. If she is to seek alliance or union with any nation, we are, in every point of view, the nation, with which that union would naturally be formed. She has at present, we believe, about 20,000 slaves. What hinders that a system of gradual emancipation be adopted in regard to them, and that the admission of slaves from other States and countries be henceforth prohibited? As an independent nation, she is perfectly competent to adopt such a system. If she will adopt it, we will unhesitatingly advocate her admission into the Union. And we are inclined to think the great majority of the Northern people would do the same. Will the South concur? If, as they say, England is negotiating for the abolition of slavery in Texas, do Southern men prefer English influence, over which they have no control, to American influence, which is in part their own influence? We care not if, by virtue of the admission of Texas, the weight of the South in our national councils is increased. There is no distinction, in our minds, politically, between the North and the South. We are all one people: and Southern votes are as good as Northern, and *vice versa*.

If the South will concede thus much, we apprehend the adjustment of the Texas question is easy. But if it is a *sine qua non* with them that Texas shall be a receptacle of slaves; if their leading object in wishing her annexation is to increase the strength and power of the slave-holding interest; then we are of opinion that the North will unanimously object.

BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS.—Of all the amusements that can be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in intervals, there is nothing like reading an interesting newspaper or book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has already had enough, or perhaps too much. It relieves his home of dullness and sameness. It transports him into livelier and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scenes; and, while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moments fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the advantage of finding himself the next day with the money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities, and without the drunkard's miseries of mind and body. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and, if what he has been reading be any thing above the idlest and lightest, it gives him something to think of, besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation; something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure. If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me instead, under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.

THE FIELD OF AUSTERLITZ.—On the road near Rausnitz, we noticed two old trees, splintered and crippled by the bullets and cannon balls of the great battle. These trees are, however, covered with fresh vegetation, and are the only things which bear any traces of the conflict. Every thing else has returned to its old condition. Those hills, of which, on the battle day, every thicket, every mound, and every bush, was a matter of life or death, have now returned to their old insignificance. The field is covered with luxuriant corn; the graves of the warriors have been given over again to the plough. No monument of any kind has been erected on the field of battle. Not far from the field of Austerlitz, however, a monument has been erected, to commemorate an event of a very different nature from that of the great carnage of December, 1805. That most paternally beneficent of emperors, Joseph II. while riding through the country on the 19th of August, 1769, saw a poor peasant, who was leaning exhausted on his plough, unable to continue his labour. The emperor dismounted; and, taking the plough in his hand, finished the man's day task for him. A monument has been erected upon this spot, consisting of a large iron pedestal, upon which is perched an Austrian eagle. On that side of the pedestal which is turned towards the road, the emperor is represented driving the plough; beside him stands the old peasant, and on the other side the emperor's servant, holding his hand. Beneath is the inscription.

Kohl's Austria.

COMPOSERS ILL REMUNERATED.—There can be no doubt of their being entitled to the highest rank, the first honours among their brethren. A comparison can hardly be instituted between one who originates an idea, and another who merely gives it utterance: one lives for and blesses his generation; the other is a benefactor to all after ages, as well as his own brief space of time. Yet how few among them have achieved even a moderate independence! Mozart could leave his family nothing (after his splendid creations for the gratification of millions) but his undying name and reputation. Beethoven was in circumstances that rendered the receipt of £100 from the London Philharmonic Society an occasion of the most ecstatic joy. Apply any tolerably fair mode of estimating the value of labour; let it be by the number benefited, the scarcity of the power of producing the commodity, the bodily and mental labour conjoined, appraising (by a moderate exercise of justice) mind somewhat above matter; and it will appear that authors, literary as well as musical, are relatively the worst paid labourers in the world; and that there is nothing which the multitude obtain so cheaply in the aggregate as mental gratification, while, I might add, nothing for which they pay so highly as the barren and un-intellectual of passing goods from hand to hand. Poor Weber, on entering the splendid out-of-town residences of one of the London music sellers, gazed significantly round, and said, "Ah! I see it is better to sell music than to make it."

THE PAIN OF AMPUTATION.—It has been popularly supposed that, in the amputation of a limb, the sawing through of the bone was the most dreadful part of the operation; this is erroneous. The most painful part to cut through is the skin, which is endowed with the most exquisite sensibility, for the purpose of protecting the subjacent parts; and Sir Charles Bell, in his able work on the hand, says, that the exquisite sensibility of the skin gives a safeguard equal to that given by the skin of the rhinoceros.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.—A tailor advertises, in the daily journals, *geological coats* at ten shillings. From the price, we should be inclined to think they must belong to the secondary formation.

For the Anglo American.

THE COMET.

The Comet! the Comet! huzza! for the Comet;
Huzza! for the fiery steed,
With his jolly red face, and his dashing pace,
He rivals the Light-king's speed.

Oh, had I the wand of the wizards of old,
I'd mount on a Comet's back;
And the Moon and the stars should retreat with scars,
If they dared to obstruct our track.

Away with your Pegasus! Heavy and slow
He moves through the murky air,
With an ox-cart pace, and none of the grace
Of a jovial Comet rare.

I've taken my seat on my charger's neck,
(A berth in the forward cars,)
And away we'll hie, through the dark blue sky,
T'other side of our neighbours the stars.

The Bear may grumble, the Dog may snarl,
And Virgo turn pale with fright,
Or on may scowl, and Leo growl,
And the Gemini foam with spite.

Pshaw! what care we for the puny tribe,
Like oysters stuck fast in their places?
My Comet shall dash through their ranks
And whisk his long tail in their faces.

But we'll soon lose sight of the fountain of light,
And a thousand suns besides;
Then huzza! for a race through the depths of space,
Where the unseen star abides.

When away from your dusky dingy Earth,
We'll canter along at our ease;
And we'll go but a million of miles in an hour,
Or we'll not go at all, if we please.

Not years, but ages, shall measure our stages
Through the endless realms of space;
Yet we'll wheel about, ere the sun burns out,
And our olden path retrace.

And when we return to the Sun's dominions,
Where th' astronomer's glass may find us,
My glorious steed shall put out his speed,
And the lightning shall lay behind us.

But before you can mark our well-curved course,
Or measure the length of our train,
Round the sun we'll sweep with a flying leap,
And plunge into ether again.

You may ask the planets, and bribe the stars,
To give you a clue to our track;
But a stupid blink, or a knavish wink,
Is all you can get from the pack.

Then huzza! for the Comet, the vagabond Comet!
Huzza for the fearless rover!
He comes and he goes, whither nobody knows,
And he roams the Universe over.

LAMBDA.

THE ORATORY OF BOLINGBROKE.

The gracefulness of Bolingbroke's manner has been so greatly extolled by his contemporaries that we can hardly believe his eloquence to have risen into the vehemence ascribed to it by one who had studied his works more than other men, for he had written an excellent imitation of his style. Mr. Burke speaks of that rapid torrent of "an impetuous and overbearing eloquence for which he is justly admired," as well as "the rich variety of his imagery." There is assuredly nothing in his style to discountenance this notion; and, as Burke lived much nearer Bolingbroke's times than we do, there can be little doubt that his panegyric is correct. But all accounts agree in describing the external qualities (so to speak) of his oratory as perfect. A symmetrically beautiful and animated countenance, a noble and dignified person, a sonorous and flexible voice, action graceful and correct, though unstudied, gave his delivery an inexpressible charm with those who witnessed his extraordinary displays as spectators or critics; and armed his eloquence with resistless effect over those whom it was intended to sway, or persuade, or control. If the concurring accounts of witnesses, and the testimony to his merits borne by his writings, may be trusted, he must be pronounced to stand, upon the whole, at the head of modern orators. There may have been more measure and matured power in Pitt, more fire in the occasional bursts of Chatham, more unbridled vehemence, more intent reasoning in Fox, more deep-toned declamation in passages of Sheridan, more learned imagery in Burke, more wit and humour in Canning; but, as a whole, and taking in all rhetorical gifts, and all the orator's accomplishments, no one, perhaps hardly the union of several of them, can match what we are taught by tradition to admire in Bolingbroke's spoken eloquence, and what the study of his works makes us easily believe to be true.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Sept. 25.—A communication was made respecting a new mode of preventing horses from running away when in harness. Hitherto several means have been devised to prevent accidents of this nature. One of them most in favour is a mechanism for detaching horses from the traces, and setting them suddenly free, but it is not certain in its action; and it is obvious that, if the horse take fright on a descent, the sudden detaching of the carriage may be attended with very great danger. The author of this paper, having remarked that horses rarely take fright at night, imagined that all that was necessary, in order to check a horse when running away, was to cause him to be visited with temporary blindness; and, in order to do this, he contrived, by means of a spring connected with the reins, to cover the eyes suddenly. This was done when the animals were at the top of their speed, and the result was their instantaneous stoppage; for the light being suddenly excluded, horses no more rush forward, he says, without seeing their way, than would a man afflicted with blindness.

A paper from Dr. Plouvier, of Lille, was read, on the application of the cornea of one animal to the eye of another. The doctor states that he has a rabbit which was blind, but to whose eye he applied the cornea of another rabbit, and that the hitherto blind animal now sees perfectly.

AN ECONOMICAL YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—The mayor of Scholestatt, says a journal of the Bas-Rhin, received instructions a short time ago for the publication of a marriage between two young persons. A fortnight afterwards, the young man called again, and wished to have the name of another young lady substituted. The mayor told him that fresh documents would be necessary. "What will be the extra expense?" inquired the Benedict in expectancy. The mayor replied "6f. 5c." (less than 6s.) "Then," said the careful young man, "you need not make the alteration; I think I'll marry the young woman whose name is already published!"

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

ENGRAVED IN ORIGINAL AND VERY SUPERIOR STYLE FOR THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

We have at length the pleasure to announce that our long-promised engraving of WASHINGTON is out of the hands of the distinguished engraver, Mr. J. Halpin, to whose skill it was confided, and that it will be ready for delivery in the course of a few days. We have examined it with pleasure and pride, and notwithstanding the bias which every one is believed to have in favour of that which is his own, we do not hesitate to affirm that it is *by far* the best executed portrait of Washington that has been engraved in the United States. It is a literal copy from the Painting, by the celebrated American artist, Gilbert Stuart, which at present adorns the State house at Hartford, Connecticut, and which has been pronounced by many, who knew the great American patriot in his latter years, as a most correct likeness. The price of such an engraving, under ordinary circumstances, would be considerably greater than that of a year's subscription to THE ANGLO AMERICAN, but the number of copies which we venture to presume will be required, induce us to enter upon so expensive an enterprise. We must, however, be distinctly understood when we say that this plate of WASHINGTON cannot be given to any but to present subscribers who have paid their full year in advance, and to NEW Subscribers who shall pay for a full year or more in advance. It must be obvious that to none other can so expensive a present be afforded. The price to non-subscribers will be upon the lowest scale that circumstances will permit, namely—Prints, two dollars—Proofs, three dollars.

NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB.—"Corporis Animique Robore."—The Members of the New York Cricket Club are notified that a regular meeting of that Association will be held on Wednesday evening next, December 6th, 1843, at the Office of the "Spirit of the Times," No. 1 Barclay Street, at half past seven o'clock.

THOMAS PICTON MILNER, Secretary.

A GRADUATE of a distinguished University, with the best Academic, as well as personal qualifications of character, is desirous of devoting a few hours of the day or evening to the private tuition of the junior members of a family, in the Elementary Branches of Classic and English education. A line addressed T. H., at the Office of the Anglo American, will be promptly attended to. Nov. 11.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of the Trade to his Stock of the above well known and highly esteemed Pens, consisting in part of the following:—

The "Principality Pen," No. 1, extra fine points.
Do do 2, fine do
Do do 3, medium do

The design of this Pen is to give a beautiful degree of elasticity, at the same time it possesses sufficient strength to render it durable; by varying the fitness of the points, it is hoped the different styles of hand writing may be suited.

Joseph GilloTT's Calligraphic Pen, No. 8—a first quality article, on cards. Each package of a dozen, contains six highly finished vignettes, as follows:—
Abbottford, Stratford-upon-Avon,
Newstead Abbey, Kenilworth Castle,
The Pavilion, Brighton, The Custom House, and St Paul's Cathedral, London.

No. 9 and 10—The WASHINGTON PEN, very superior for its elasticity and delicacy of point; observe, this article is ornamented with an embossed head of Washington.

The quality of the above is equal to any ever offered in the U. States, and they are put up in a style of

UNSURPASSED ELEGANCE.

Also, on hand, a complete stock of old favorite Pens, viz:—
Patent, Magnum Bonum,
Victoria, Damascus,
Eagle, New York Fountain,
Peruvian,

on cards and in boxes.

The public will best guard against the imposition of counterfeits by observing on each genuine Pen, the maker's name is stamped in full "Joseph GilloTT" and on every package a fac simile of his signature. For sale by stationers, and wholesale, by

HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-street, corner of Gold.

A few prime Quarto Copying Presses, "GilloTT's," also for sale.

Nov. 4-11.

A CARD.—J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, has removed his office to No. 6 Ann Street, (office of the Anglo American), where he will be pleased to supply News Agents and others (at Publishers' prices) with the "Phil. Sat. Courier," "Post," and "Museum," Boston "Uncle Sam," "Yankee Nation," and "Boston Pilot," "Anglo American," "New Mirror," "Weekly Herald," "Brother Jonathan," "New World," "Rover," &c., and all the Daily Papers, Newspapers, Magazines and Books, carefully packed and forwarded by Steamboat and Express. J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, Aug. 19-11.

No. 6 Ann Street

PRIVATE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, under the direction of Mrs. HENRY WRECK, No. 2 Abbot Place, Fourth Street, N. Y.

REFERENCES.—Rev. Dr. Lyell, Rev. L. P. W. Balch, Josiah Archibald, Esq., Edward Whitehouse, Esq., Edward F. Sanderson, Esq., Ven.ble Archdeacon Cummins, (Island of Trinidad), Hon. W. H. Burnley, (Island of Trinidad), Anthony Barclay, Esq., (British Consul), Joseph Blain, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Esq., Arent S. Depeyster, Esq., H. Feugnot, Esq., Alex. Von Pfister, Esq., Dr. Wetherill, (Philadelphia), Joseph Lawton, Esq., (Charleston), Capt. W. Salter, U.S.N., Dr. Beales, Dr. T. O. Porter, Dr. Bartlett, Ramsey Crooks, Esq., Wm. Muir, Esq., (British Consul, New Orleans), Robert Stark, Esq., (New Orleans.) Aug. 19-11.

Sanderson's Franklin House,

CHESTNUT STREET,

Between Third and Fourth Streets, North Side.

PHILADELPHIA.

[July 15-3m]

VALE'S GLOBE AND TRANSPARENT CELESTIAL SPHERE, Price \$22, smaller size \$15.—This instrument comprises two Globes in union as in Nature, an Armillary Sphere, a Planetarium, and a universal Sun Dial; it will resolve all the principles and facts in Astronomy, in a simple easy manner. It is a model of Nature, with whose movements it corresponds. To be had at Vale's Nautical School, 94 Rosevelt Street, New York, where also Lessons on the instrument may be obtained. Sept. 23-11.

WEBSTER AND NORTON,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

New Orleans.

L. J. Webster,

A. L. Norton.

Reference—G. Merle, Esq., and Wilson & Brown, N. Y.

Aug. 26-11.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman-streets,) New York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

May 27-3m